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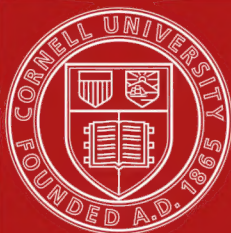
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Publications of the Spenser Society.

Issue No. 47.

CHRESTOLEROS.

SEVEN BOOKES OF EPIGRAMES

WRITTEN BY

THOMAS BASTARD.

RE-PRINTED FROM THE EDITION OF 1598.

PRINTED FOR THE SPENSER SOCIETY.

1888.

The Spenser Society.

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LIST OF PUBLICATIONS.

Issue

For the First Year 1867-8.

1. The Proverbs and Epigrams of John Heywood. Reprinted from the Original Edition of 1562.
2. The Works of John Taylor the Water Poet. Reprinted from the Folio Edition of 1630. *Part I.*

For the Second Year 1868-9.

3. The Works of John Taylor the Water Poet. Reprinted from the Folio of 1630. *Part II.*
4. The Works of John Taylor the Water Poet. Reprinted from the Folio of 1630. *Part III. (Completing the volume.)*
5. Zepheria. Reprinted from the Original Edition of 1594.

For the Third Year 1869-70.

6. The ΕΚΑΤΟΜΠΑΘΙΑ or Passionate Centurie of Love, by Thomas Watson. Reprinted from the Original Edition of (circa) 1581.
7. Works of John Taylor the Water Poet, not included in the Folio Volume of 1630. Reprinted from the Original Editions. *First Collection.*

For the Fourth Year 1870-1.

8. A Handefull of Pleasant Delites, by Clement Robinson, and divers others. Reprinted from the Original Edition of 1584.
9. Juvenilia: Poems by George Wither, contained in the collections of his *Juvenilia* which appeared in 1626 and 1633. *Part I.*
10. Juvenilia: Poems by George Wither. *Part II.*

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5



PRINTED BY CHARLES E. SIMMS,
MANCHESTER.



CHRESTOLEROS.
SEVEN BOOKES OF

Epigrammes written by T. B.

*Hunc nouere modum nostri seruare libelli
Parcere personis : dicere de vitiis.*



Imprinted at *London*, by *Richard Bradocke*,
for *I. B.* and are to be sold at her shop
in *Paules Church-yard*, at the
signe of the Bible. 1598.



TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE
Sir Charels Blunt Knight, Lord
Mountioy, and Knight of the most
noble order of the
Garter.

MY Lorde, Epigrames are a scarce
worke, they haue euer had but
fewe writers, and yet too many. If
my booke please not ; yet this I shall be
sure of, rare discommendations : the grea
test

A 3





test aduenture that I knowe, is to write, mens iudgments are of so many fashions; yet this is my comfort, that my booke is of the fashion. If the common manners commend him, he hath giuen them no cause. I faine obiect to my calling this kinde of writing: in other things I woulde be glad to approue my studie to your good Lordshippe. These are the accomptes of my Idlenes. Yet herein I may seeme to haue done something worthy the price

of





of labour, that I haue taught Epigrams
to speake chastlie; besides, I haue ac-
quainted them with more grauite of
fence, and barring them of their olde
libertie, not onely forbidden them to be
personall, but turned all their bitter-
nesse rather into sharpnesse. But the
worke it selfe, (in regard of which I most
humbly craue your honors patronage)
doth in the nature and kinde thereof
deliuer me of an Epistle, and bids it
giue place to an Epigram.

If





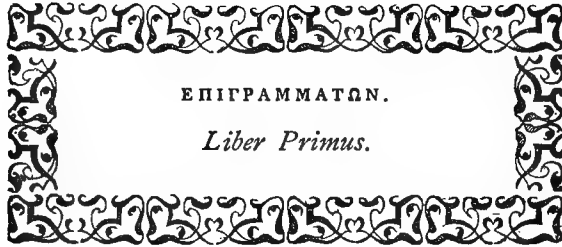
If I my pen an higher taske should fet,
Great Lord, what better matter could I finde,
Then of thy worth and vertue to entreate,
Of thy heroicke spirite and noble minde :
Now take my gnatt, and try me in a toye,
Whether hereafter I may sing of Troye.

Your Honours most af-

fectionate Seruant,

Thomas Bastard.





Epigr. 1. de subiecto operis sui.

I Speake of wants, of frauds, of policies,
Of manners, and of vertues and of times,
Of vnthrifts and of friends, and enemies,
Poets, Physitions, Lawyers, and Diuines,
Of vsurers, buyers, borowers, ritch and poore,
Of theeues, and murtherers, by sea and land,
Of pickthankes, lyers, flatterers lesse and more,
Of good and bad, and all that comes to hand ;
I speake of hidden and of open things :
Of strange euent, of countries farre and wide,
Of warres, of captaynes, Nobles, Princes, kings,
B Asia,





Asia, Europe, and all the world beside.
 This is my subiect, reader, I confesse,
 From which I thinke seldom I doe digresse,

Epigr 2.

WHEN I was sweetly fotted with delight,
 Each trifeling cause could moue one to indite,
 A little praise would stirre me in such wise,
 My thirst all *Helycon* could scarce suffice.
 My pen was like a bowe which still is bent,
 My head was like a barrell wanting vent ;
 Then had you toucht me, you had felt the smart,
 What fury might, requiring helpe of art,
 And then I thought my iudgements ayme so cleere
 That I would hitt you right, or misse you neere :
 But nowe left naked of prosperitie
 And subiect vnto bitter iniurie :

So





So poore of fenſe, ſo bare of wit I am,
 Not neede her ſelfe can driue an Epigram,
 Yet neede is miſtreſſe of all exerciſe.
 And ſhe all thriuing arts did firſt deuife.
 But ſhould I thriue or proſper in that ſtate,
 Where ſhe is my commandreſſe whome I hate?
 For of a key-cold witt what would ye haue?
 He which is once a wretch, is thrife a ſlaue.

Epigr. 3. Ad Lectorem.

REader my booke flies low, and comes not neere,
 The higher world, and the celeſtiall ſpheare.
 Yet not ſo low, but that it doth deſpiſe
 The earthes round lumpe, and farre aboue it flies.
 This is the middle labour of my pen,
 To drawe thee forth (Reader) a mappe of men.

*B 2**Epigr.*

*Epigr. 4. De Microcosmo.*

MAN is a little world and beares the face,
 And picture of the Vniuersitie :
 All but resembleth God, all but his glasse,
 All but the picture of his maiestie.
 Man is the little world (so we him call),
 The world the little God, God the great All.

*Epigr. 5. Ad lectorem de subiecto
 operis sui.*

THE little worlde the subiect of my muse,
 Is an huge taske and labour infinite ;
 Like to a wildernesse or masse confuse,
 Or to an endlesse gulfe, or to the night,
 How many strange *Meanders* doe *I* finde ?
 How many paths do turne my straying pen ?

How





How many doubtfull twilights make me blinde,
Which seeke to lim out this strange All of men ?
Easie it were the earth to purtray out,
Or to draw forth the heauens purest frame,
Whose restlesse course, by order whirls about
Of change and place, and still remains the same.

But how shall mens, or manners forme appeare,
Which while *I* write, do change frō that they were ?

Epigr. 6. Ad Momum.

M*Om*us, *I* treat of vices by the way,
Of vices pure, abstract, and separate,
Of vniuerfall, as the schoole men say,
*I*ntentionall, meere, and specificate ;
Which floate aboue all sence of vulgarnesse,
And keepe the topp of the prædicament ;
Which like *Chymæra* haunt the wilderneffe,

B 3

And





And are the substance of an accident.
 You cannot *Momus* then be toucht by me,
 Vnlesse you *genus vniuersum*, be.

*Epigr. 7. Ad curiosum lecto-
 rem.*

ME thinks some curious Reader, I heare say,
 What Epigrams in english ? tis not fit.
 My booke is plaine, and would haue if it may,
 An english Reader but a latine witt.

Epigr. 8. Ad Do. Mountioly.

Great Lord, thine honour and thine excellence,
 Among the least hath worthy residence ;
 Of which *I* am, as meane, as low as any ;
 Yet a true heart and witnesse with the many.

Then





Then learne of me what th'vnknowne vulgar faies,
 how high the lowe extoll thy worthy praise,
 Here thou dost fit, these harts thy worth doth moue
 These know thy vertues, daine to know their loue.

Epigr. 9. In Caium.

C*Aius* will doe me good he sweares by all,
 That can be sworne, in swearing liberall :
 He did me one good turne I wote well how,
 I would he had not, for I rue it now.
 And twife and thrife, he holpe me at my need,
 He me in shew, but I holpe him in deede.
 Had I more neede he would so succour me,
 That for his helpe the more my need should be.
 But *Caius*, haue ye such good turns in store ?
 O keepe them for your selfe, helpe me no more.

B 4

For





For he which comes to you and wanteth pelfe,
Must say : Sir I haue need, now helpe your selfe.

Epigr. 10. De Cadauere in littus eiecto.

THe naked corpe cast out vpon the shoare,
Seemde in my thought thus wofully to plaine :
Sea, thou did'st drowne, and bury me before ;
Why do thy waues then digge me out againe ?
Thus we by earth and sea are inuired ;
The earth castes forth her liue, the sea her dead.

Epigr. 11. de Philippo Sidneo.

VVHen nature wrought vpon her mould so well,
That nature wondred her owne worke to see,
When arte so labourde nature to excell,
And both had spent their excellence in thee.

Wil-





Willing they gaue the into fortunes hande
 Fearing they could not ende what they beganne.

Epigr. 12. De Publio.

P*ublius* sweares he is nor false nor wicked,
 Free from great faults, and hath no other lett,
 Saue this great fault he is in debt.
 This is the greatest sinne he hath committed.
 This is a great and hainous sinne indeede,
 Which will commit him if he take not heede.

Epigr. 13.

G*allus* would make me heire, but suddainly,
 He was preuented by vntimely death :
Scilla did make me heire, when by and by
 His health returnes and he recouereth.

He





He that entendes me good, dies with his pelfe,
And he that doth me good, hath it himselfe

Epigr. 14. In Mathonem optatium.

M*Atho* the wisher hath an ill entent,
But for the fact I thinke him innocent,
If he see ought he wisheth it straight way.
Wishing the night, wishing he spendes the day.
Nor horse, nor man, nor wife, nor boy nor maide
Can scape his wish, nor ought that can be said.
Your house, your bed, your board, your plate, your
All he deuours, tis all his with a wish. (dish,
He views whole fields & sheep on them which stray
Riuers, woods, hils, he wisheth all away.
Yea witt, and learning and good qualities,
He would not want, if wishing might suffice.
And this the disarde *Matho* nothing gaines,
By wishing oft, and yet he takes great paines.

Epigr.





Epigr. 15. In Mirum medicus.

P Hifition *Mirus* talkes of faluation,
Of *Tophes* and *Pustules*, and *Febricitation* ;
Who doth ingurgitate, who tufficate,
And who an vlcer hath inueterate.
Thus while his Inkehorne termes he doth apply,
Euacuated is his ingenie.

Epigr. 16.

S Ome fay that fome which Colledges did found,
Were wicked men ; I grant it may be so :
But what are they which feeke to pull them downe ?
Are not these wicked builders, let me know ?
How do times differ ? how are things discuft ?
For see their wicked, do excell our iuft.

Epigr.



*Epigr. 17. de poëta Martiali.*

MArtiall, in footh none should presume to write,
 Sincetime hath brought thy Epigrams to light :
 For through our writing, thine so praif'd before
 Haue this obtainte, to be commended more :
 Yet to our selues although we winne no fame,
 Wee please, which get our maister a good name.

Epigr. 18

THe poore man plaines vnto a *Crocodile*,
 And with true tears his cheeks he doth bedew,
 Sir, I am wrong'd and spoild : alas the while,
 I am vndone, good sir some pitie shewe :
 Then weepes the *Crocodile*, but you may see,
 his teeth preparte and hollow rauening iawe :
 Then dry the poore mans teares, away goes he,
Must





Must rape be pitied, is there such a lawe?
He did me wronge which robde me as you see,
But he which stole my tears, stole more from me.

Epigr. 19. in Auaritiam.

A Varice hath an endlesse eye,
Attende, and I will tell you why;
The minde the bodies good doth craue,
Which it desiring cannot haue:
The like resemblance may be made,
As if the bodie lou'd a shade.

Epigr. 20. in Cacum.

C *Acus* desired me to set him forth.
O how I burne faith he! O how I long,
And yet I cannot register his worth,
And why? for *Cacus* neuer did me wrong.

Epigr.

*Epigr. 21. De Typographo.*

THe Printer when I askt a little Summe,
 Huckt with me for my book, and came not nere.
 Ne could my reason or perswasion,
 Moue him a whit, though al things now were deere ;
 Hath my concept no helpe to set it forth ?
 Are all things deere, and is wit nothing worth ?

Epigr. 22. In Scillam.

S*Cilla* had bin in *France* a weeke or two,
 When he returned home with victory :
 Boasting of ten which he to death did do.
 Nine in the fight, the tenth but cowardly,
 For him he smote vntrusting of his hose :
 Alas that foldier di'de a filthy death ;
 Yet he made vp the compleate sum of those,

Of





Of whose occision *Scilla* glorieth,
 And by his *Rapiar* hilts (O bloody deed)
 Embrau'de with golde, he sweares victoriously
 And hundred at his next returne to speede.
 Ten him no tens, an hundred more shall die,
 But neuer he returnde, nor euer will,
 Counting more glory now to faue then kill.

Epigr. 23. in Caluum.

C*alvus* hath hayre neither on head or brow.
 Yet he thanks God, that witt he hath enowe.
 The witt may stand although the hayre doe fall
 Tis true, but *Caluus* had no witt at all?

Epigr. 24.

F*austus* is sicke of care, the doctors say,
 His cure and remedy must be delay.

While





While sicke consuming *Fauftus* keeps his bedde.
 An hundred whole men are consum'd and deade.
 After all this *Fauftus* recouereth ;
 I see care is a tricke to cofin death.

Epigr. 25. in fucantem faciem suam.

HE which put on a false vpon thy face,
 Hath done that ill, which was done well before,
 Thus he hath put thy picture in thy place,
 Making thee like thy selfe, thy selfe no more.
 Depriude of liuing comlineffe and feature,
 Fye on thee art, thou com'st to neere to nature.

Epigr. 26. de Adam primo homine.

WHEN *Adam* couered his first nakednes,(what,
 With figge tree leaues, he did, he knew not
 The





The leaues were good indeed, but not for that,
 God ordaind skins gainst his skins wretchednesse.
 But gainst diseases and our inward neede,
 To piece our life which flitting still doth passe.
 What leafe do we not vse, what herbe, what grasse,
 Their secret vertues standing vs in steede?
 Thus in our garmentes these we cast away :
 And yet our life doth weare them euery day.

Epigr. 27. In Cophum.

C*ophus* on *Antimonium* doth plodd,
 Beleeue me *Cophus* but you are too bolde,
 To search into the secret depth of God :
 After *Potatoes* of resolued golde
 The *Paracelsians* taught you this to doe ;
 And you will ferett *Nature* from her denne ,
 Yee'le make men liue whether they will or no.

C But





But trust me *Cophus* they are trustlesse men.
 For *Cophus* they haue taskt you like a noddy,
 To study th'immortalitie of the bodie.

Epigr. 28.

They which reade *Horace*, *Virgill* and the rest,
 Of ancient Poets ; all new wits detest :
 And say O times ; what happy wits were then,
 I say, O fooles ; rather what happy men.

Epigr. 29. In Gallum.

The good turne *Gallus* which you promised,
 When *I* beleeuing foole doe aske of you :
 Then you obiect your name is blemished,
 By my reportes, and more which is not true,
 You might bin liberall as ye did boast,
 But you are angry now with halfe the cost.

Epigr.





Epigr. 30.

F*Lorus* exceeded all men of our time,
 So braue, so pert, so lustye, and so trimme :
 But sodainly me thought he did decline,
 So wanne, so blanke, so fily and so thinne.
 I askte the cause, he leads me through the streete,
 He brings me to his house, where I may see,
 A woman fayre, softe, gentle and discrete.
 Behold faith *Florus* what hath tamed me.
 What is this true ? can such a wife doe so ?
 Then how must he be tamd which hath a shroe ?

Epigr. 31. Epitaphium Timonis.

HEere I lie sealed vnder this stone,
 Deathes loathsome prisoner, lifes castaway.
 Which when I liued was loued of none,

C 2

Not





Nor louely to any as all men can fay.

Now all men for dying doe loue me, though ill,
I would not reuiue to loofe their good will.

Epigr. 32.

They fay the *Spaniards* make prouifion
For wars, and that they will be heere with fpeed
With fshops, golde, filuer and munition.
What do they meane? I think they know our need?

Epigr. 33.

If ye afke *Lætus* why he keepes no Chriftmaffe,
Being fo rich, hauing fo large reuenue :
Hee'le fay he is in debt, or hath fome purchafe,
Or hath begonne it and can not continue.
Porus hath many legacyes to pay,

Though





Though *Lætus* he exceede in welth or land.
 But *Dacus* will do good some other way,
Cacus would, weare his mony in his hand :
 Olde *Mifus* faith, let them spend wich can get,
Corus would now, but all things are to deare.
Germanus faith, you do not know my lett,
 And *Caius* will keepe houle an other yeare.

O wretched times, but our times iust abuse,
 That euer doing good should haue excuse.

*Epigr. 34. Ad Thomam Freake armig.
 de veris aduentu.*

THE welcome Sunne from sea *Freake* is returned,
 And cheerth with his beames the naked earth,
 Which gainst his comming her apparelleth,
 And hath his absence fixe long moneths mourned.
 Out of her fragrant side she sendes to greete him
 The rashed primrose and the violet ;

C 3

While





While she the fieldes and meadowes doth beset
 With flowers, & hangs the trees with pearle to meet
 Amid this hope and ioy she doth forget, (him
 To kill the hemlocke which doth grow too fast,
 And chill the adder making too much hast,
 With his blacke fonnes reuiued with the heat,
 Till sommer come with diuers colours clad,
 Much like my Epigrams both good and badd.

Epigr. 35. In Therfiten.

Although *Thersites* haue a filthy face,
 And staring eyes, and little outward grace,
 Yet this he hath to make amend's for all,
Nature her selfe is not more naturall.

Epigr.





Epigr. 36.

N*ifus* writes Epigrams and so doe I,
 Matter he hath enough, but I haue lesse,
 Yet but in one poynt all the ods doth lie,
 He may speake of lewde loues and wantonneffe.
 Is not this ods? am not I in a streight,
 His matter pleaseth more, then my concept.

Epigr. 37. In Festum.

F*estus* and this vile world haue shaken hands,
 Opprobrious riches were to him such grieffe,
 That he hath so dispatcht his wealth and lands,
 That no man now can cast them in his teeth,
 Now what is not vndone? and what remains.
 To *Festus* of his former happineffe?
 Ritch with all humours, onely he retaines,

C 4

Good





Good natur'd grosnesse, and a bounch of flesh.
 But *Philo* take you care no more of that,
 For if ye doe, you will vndoe your fatt.

Epigr. 38. In Misum.

Olde *Misus* is a flauish drudge *I* knowe,
 For whome? but for his master, so he saies :
 Who is your maister *Misus* can ye shew?
 Is not he in your chest vnder your keyes?
 Then you doe ill so farre him to preferre,
 And make your Lord, which is your prifoner.

Epigr. 39. Ad librum suum.

MY little booke whom wilt thou please, tell me?
 All which shall reade thee? no that cannot be.
 Whom then, the best? but few of these are knowne,
 Howe





THou which deluding raisest vp a fame,
 And hauing shewd the man concealst his name;
 Which canst play earnest as it pleaseth thee,
 And earnest turne to iest as neede shall be,
 Whose good we praise, as being likt of all,
 Whose ill we beare, as being naturall,
 Thou which art made of vineger and gall,
 Wormewood, and *Aquafortis* mixt with all.
 The worldes spie, all ages obseruer,
 All mens feare, fewe mens flatterer.

Cease, write no more to agrauate thy sinne :
 Or if thou wilt not leaue, now Ile beginne.

Epigr.



*Epigr. 2. In Porum.*

POrus when first he ventred for a prize,
 Desirde safe conduct but to yonder shoare :
 When he ariude and spedd his merchandize,
 Sea, bring me home againe, I aske no more.
 And yet a second course he vndertakes.
 And steeling leaue for gayne which is so deare,
 A third and fourth aduenture yet he makes,
 And vsde to danger now, forgets to feare.
 Ye windes and seas where are your blasts & waues,
 With which ye seale and open the great deepe ?
 Porus contemneth you as captiue slaues,
 And saith you are his prisoners vnder keepe.
 Like *Xerxes* he hath *Neptune* fast in stockes,
 And like *Vlysses*, *Æolus* in a boxe.

Epigr.

*Epigr. 3.*

Monsters of men are many now a day,
Which still like *Vultures* on the dead do pray,
And as the *Phoenix* doth in wondred wife,
So they, but out of others ashes rise.

Epigr. 4. Ad Henricum Wottonum.

Wotton, the country and the country swayne,
How can they yeele a Poet any sence?
How can they stirre him vp, or heat his vaine?
How can they feede him with intelligence?
You haue that fire which can a witt enflame,
In happy London Englands fayrest eye:
Well may you Poets haue of worthy name,
Which haue the foode and life of poetry.
And yet the country or the towne may fwaye,
Or beare a part, as clownes doe in a play.

Epigr.

*Epigr. 5. In hospitem quendam.*

MIne hoast he hath but one eye which good is,
 As for condicions good, one lesse then this,
 I pray ye guestes as many as come hether,
 In his behalfe to put these both together.

Epigr. 6. De mensæ Ianuarii quæ fuit
an : do. 1595.

When coldes & frosts, & snowes were wont to
 As in their time of prime in *Ianiuere*.
 Then calme and milde and pleasant was the yeare,
 like to the spring which maketh all things feyne.
 The little sparrows these I sawe deceiue,
 Which cherped merily and built their nest.
 Pore birds, the frost will come when you think left,
 And





And you of pleasure sodainlye bereaue.
And this poore birds let me your errour rue ;
But let the yeare deceiue no more then you.

Epigr. 7. In Lætum.

LÆtus by fops, and fups, and little more
Hath got a nose which reacheth to the skies,
This nose hath got a mouth wide gaping fo,
This mouth hath gotten eares, these eares haue eies,
And now me thinkes tis little nose againe,
Being deuided for I did suppose,
That it had neither mouth, nor eares, nor eyne.
I was deceiu'de, I tooke all for a nose,
And if I say als nose, thinke you I lye ?
But if I say not ; what a nose marre I ?

Epigr.



*Epigr. 8.*

WAlking the fieldes a wantcatcher I spide,
 To him *I* went desirous of his game :
 Sir haue ye taken wants ? yes he replide,
 Heere are a dozen which were lately tane.
 Then you haue left no more. No more quoth he,
 Sir I can shewe you more, the more the worfe,
 And to his worke he wente, but t'wolde not be,
 For all the wantes were crept into my purse.
 Farewell friend wantcatcher since t'will not be,
 Thou canst not catch the wants, but they catch me.

Epigr. 9.

Westminster is a mill which gryndes all causes,
 And grinde his cause for me there he that list :
 For by Demurrs and Pleas, appeales, and clausfes,
 The tole is oft made greater then the gryfte.

Epigr.

*Epigr. 10.*

A Gentleman, if once decline he chance,
Theres meate for peasants, there is dainty fare
One snaps the sides, an other hath the haunch,
One hath the vmbles, euery one a share.
O vile base ende of riott and excesse,
He which had liuing, landes and dignitie ;
Is eaten vp of very filthinesse.
Falne among swine, a pray to flauerie,
But see the ende ; this sweete and daintie foode,
Turns into finer molde, vpstartes a sonne :
He is a Gentleman of your lands blood.
He buyes your Armes, who could be thus vndone,
First would I sterue my selfe and eate my nayles,
Or these rude chufs should drayle me through their
tayles.

D

Epigr.

*Epigr. 11.*

HE which to London did conuey the pigge,
Which was so wōdrous long, so monstrous big
Tell him from me he was a very mome.

For I knowe greater piggs he left at home.

Epigr. 12. In Zoilum.

Z*oilus* now ftinkes, cold, wann, and withered,
How shall one know when *Zoilus* is dead.

Epigr. 13. In Cacum.

C*acus*, if any chance on him to call,
Drawes forth the loafe & cheefe, but if they eate
A golden sentence he drawes forth withall,
Friendship consisteth not in drinke and meate.

This





This is a goolden sentence I dare sweare.
This sentence saues him many pound's a yeare.

*Epigr. 14. Epit aphium barbæ cuius
erat Pfillus.*

HERE lies a bounch of haire deepe falowed,
Of fayre long hayre, trilling a downe the brest,
With goodly flakes and peakes ; now all is dead.
The shaking, and the count'nance, and the crest ;
Now death of mooches hath diffolude that twynn,
And seased on that goodly sett of hayre.
And marde the order of that famous chynn,
With his posteritie alone so fayre,
Which to posteritie I will commende.
Heere lies a beard, and *Pfillus* at the ende.

D 2

Epigr.



*Epigr. 15.*

H*Eyrwood* goes downe faith *Dauic*, fikerly,
 And downe he goes, I can it not deny.
 But were I happy, did not fortune frowne.
 Were I in heart, I would sing *Dauy* downe.

Epigr. 16. Ad Lectorem.

REader, there is no biting in my verse ;
 No gall, no wormewood, no cause of offence.
 And yet there is a biting I confesse
 And sharpenesse tempred to a wholsome sense.
 Such are my Epigrams well vnderstood,
 As salt which bites the wound, but doth it good.

Epigr.

*Epigr. 17. Ad Aulicos.*

YE Courtiers, so may you in courtly forte
With manners old, old Courtiers long remaine,
So that some vpstart courtiers ye refraine :
vnworthy of a peerelesse princes port.
As courtier leather, courtier pinne, and sope,
And courtier vinegeer, and starch and carde,
And courtier cups, such as were neuer heard,
And such as shall not court it long we hope.
The true gentilitie by their owne Armes,
Aduance themselues, the false by others harmes.

Epigr. 18. In inuidum.

I Chanced on a monster of a man,
With health heart sick, sterued with store of food,
With riches poore ; with beauty pale and wanne.
D 3 Wretched





Wretched with happinesse, euill with good,
 One eye did enuie at the other eye,
 Because the other enuide more then he.
 His hands did fight for the first iniurie,
 So enuie enui'de, enui'd to be.

And as he went his hinder foote was fore
 And enuide at the foote that went before.

Epigr. 19. In Fænatores.

N Euer so many vsurers were knowne,
 As we haue now ; yet haue we not enowe,
 So many borowing neede hath ouerthrowne,
 Which would be more in debt, but know not how,
 The vsurers are tane vp of Gentlemen,
 Of Merchants, of the Nobles of the land.
 The poore can now haue no acceffe to them,
 Vnder vndoing thrife, vnder good band.

Methinkes





Methinkes I heare the wretches how they call,
Let's haue more vsurers, or none at all.

Epigr. 20.

HE that will in the mid't of dronkenesse,
Learne how he may miraculously be fresh :
And in one instant longer after cates,
Which his cramde surfeiting with loathing hates.
And *ipso facto* cure the rume destilling,
And that which heere to name I am not willing,
Vnlesse Tobacco vanish his disease.
He must stay longer or he can haue ease.

Epigr. 21. In Momum.

M*omus* to be a Poet Lawreate,
Hath straynde his wits, through an yron grate.
, D 4 For





For he hath rimes and rimes, and double straynes :
 And golden verses, and all kindes of veynes,
 Now to the presse he presseth hastely,
 To sell his friendes stinking eternitie.

For who would be eternall in such fashion,
 To be a witnesse to his condemnation.

Epigr. 22.

I Mett a courtier riding on the plaine,
 Well mounted on a braue and gallant steede ;
 I fate a iade, and spurred to my paine,
 My lazybeast whose tyred sides did bleede,
 He sawe my case ; and then of courtesie,
 Did reyne his horse, and drewe the bridle in
 Because I did desire his companie :
 But he coruetting way of me doth winne.

What should I doe which was besteaded so ?
 His horse stoode still faster then mine could go,

Epigr.

*Epigr. 23. In Misum.*

M*Isus*, thy wealth will quickly breath away,
Thine honestie is shorter then thy breath,
Thy flesh will fall, how can it longer stay,
Which is so ripe and mellow after death?
Yet while thou liu'st men make of thee a iest.
Heere lies olde *Misus* foule, lockt in his cheft.

Epigr. 27. In Lalum.

L*alus* is drunke, and able scarce to speake,
He sweares he is not drunke; when by an by
The nimble licour foyles him on his necke,
How durst ye *Lalus* giue your Ale the lie,
Next time if you will be beleeu'd, confesse,
That when you haue not drunk, you are not fresh.

Epigr.



Epigr. 25. Inhabentem longam barbam.

THy beard is long : better it would thee fitt,
To haue a shorter beard, and longer witt.

Epigr. 26.

I Want an hundred pounds : my bookes I seeke,
Their answere is ; that learning hath a fall :
I seeke my braines : concepts be so good cheepe,
One dramme of siluer may buy head and all.
Then to the Muses I amased flye.
They tell me *Homers* case and others more.
Then to my bookes againe as fast I hie.
And backe againe as wretched as before.
Betraying studies standing few in steede ;
Why doe ye this forsake me in my neede ?

Epigr.



*Epigr. 27. In Lætum.*

LÆtus would begge of me I knowe not what,
But first he couenants, denye not me.
Nay Lætus begge me then if I grant that.
If I will binde my selfe to sett you free.
Twere well if after asking you might haue it
But you will haue a thing before ye craue it.

Epigr. 28.

SO harde it was for Poets to reiect,
The once conceiued issue of their braine,
As for a mother her babe to neglect,
For whom in trauayling she tooke such paine.
Then if we loue our faultes for our owne sake.
Loue doth but loue the child, which loue did make.

Epigr.

*Epigr. 29. in Papam.*

THe Pope as king of kings hath power from hye,
 To plant, and to roote out successefully :
 Why fell the king of *France* in wofull case ?
 Because the Pope did plant him of his grace.
 But our *Elisa* liues, and keepes her crowne,
 Godamercy Pope, for he would pull her downe.

Epigr. 30. Adreginam Elizabetham.

Liue long *Elisa*, that the wolfe of *Spayne*,
 In his owne thirst of blood consumde may be.
 That forraine princes may enuie thy reigne.
 That we may liue and florish vnder thee,
 And though the bended force of mighty kings,
 With knots of policy confederate,
 Ayme at thy royall Scepter, purposing

Con-





Confusion to thy country and thy state.
Heauen fights for thee, & thou shalt haue thy will
Of all thy foes, for thy Sunne standeth still.

Epigr. 31. Ad Lectorem.

Reader me thinkes that now I doe digresse,
Prefuming thus to talke of Maiesty.
Which in things easie could my minde expresse,
And dandle little meanings pretily,
For now I loose my proper veynes delight,
Which things vnproper to my veyne rehearse,
Thus I attempting those things to recyte,
Which come not in the compasse of my verse,
In such a plot, cannot make matter faye.
Where so much matter must be cast away.

Epigr.



*Epigr. 32. Ad Comitem Effexia.*

E*S*sex, the ends which men so faine would finde,
 Riches, for which most are industrious.
 Honour, for which most men are vertuous,
 Are but beginnings to thy noble minde :
 Which thou as meanes dost frankly spend vpon,
 Thy countries good, by thy true honour wonne.

Epigr. 33.

Olde hand in handes saluting now is past,
 And friendes embracing armes in armes do cast.
 Why ? cause the body is the better part ?
 Or we would feele our friends neerer the heart ?
 Or that our friends as flitting to and fro
 Our armes may hold, our hands would let them go ?
 Yet were the auncient friendship now of force,
 Our armefull, for their handfull I would scorfe.

Epigr.

*Epigr. 34.*

THe first defence that goolde hath, is the grounde,
Where it lyes hidden till we digge it fourth.
Then in her thickeff it lies, which we founde,
For goold's pale spirit of admirable woorth:
And then we let it downe into our heart,
And drench our foule so thirsty after gayne,
Till like a God it reigne in eury part,
Mo Alcumist can draw it thence againe.
: If goolde from goold can be be abstracted thus,
Why should not goold as well be drawn from vs?

Epigr. 35. In Fortunam.

I Pray thee fortune, (fortune if thou be.)
Come heere aside, for I must braule with thee.
I'tt you that sitt as Queene in throne so hye,
In





In spite of vertue, witt and honesty ?
 Haue you a Scepter onely to this ende,
 To make him rue which neuer did offend ?
 I'ft your fayre face whose fauour fooles doe finde,
 And whose vain smile makes wise men change their
 Thy hands be ful, yet eye thou hast not one, [mind?
 Th' arte full of mosse, and yet a rolling stone.
 Thou fancyest none : yet puts't the worst in trust,
 Thou ta'kt no bribes, and yet dost iudge iniust.
 Thou makest Lordes, and yet dost cast them downe,
 Thou hatest kings, and yet dost keepe their crowne,
 Thou neuer stand'st : and yet dost neuer fall ;
 And car'st for none and yet hast rule for all.

But fortune, though in princely throne thou sit,
 I enuie not, it is not for thy witt.

Epigr.





Epigr. 36. Ad Sextum.

S*extus* in wordes giues me goold wealth and lands
Sextus hath *Crassus* tongue, but *Irus* handes.

Epigr. 37. Ad Guilielmum Sutton.

I Vowde to make an Epigram a day,
But setting pen to paper twolde not saye.
I wanted matter and inuention.
My pen was tired, and my witt was donne.
Sutton this losse thou well mayst recompense,
Taking out wordes and putting in some sence :
Perhaps thou wilt not, for thou think'ft it best,
To leaue some bad which may cōmend the rest.

E

Epigr.



*Epigr. 38. In Caium.*

SO thy rare vertues fixed in mine eyes,
 Thy gentle nature *Caius*, and thy minde.
 So fraught with learning and good qualities :
 That thou art ritch this onely fault *I* finde.
 When thou wast poore thy vertues me releued.
 Since thou art ritch, of both *I* am depriued.

Epigr. 39.

THE princes good is good to all : but yeat
 The good of all to her good doth not tende.
 She one defends vs all what euer threat,
 And yet we all can not her one defende.
 For the kings euell none but kings can cure.
 Yet the kings euill more then kings procure.

Epigr.



Eigr. 40. De libro suo.

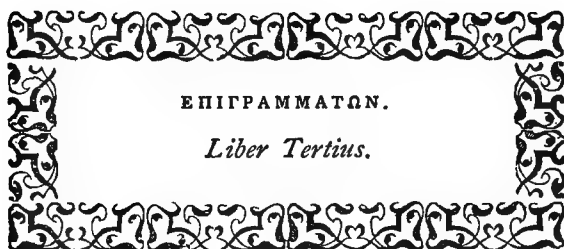
One sayde my booke was like vnto a coate,
Of diuerse colours blacke and red and white,
I bent to crosse him faide he spake by roate.
For they in making rather are vnlike.

A coate, one garment made of many fleeces,
My booke, one meaning cutt in many peeces.

Finis Libri Secundi.



E 2



MY Booke is not for learned men nor wife,
 Nor mery nor conceived, nor the plaine:
 Nor angry, foolish, criticall or nice.
 Nor olde nor young, nor sober, nor the vaine.
 Nor for the proud, nor for the couetous,
 Nor for the Gentleman, nor the Clowne:
 Nor for the glutton, nor adulterous,
 Nor for the valiant worthy of renowne.
 Nor for the thrifty, nor the prodigall,
 But if thou needs will know for whom? for all.

E 3

Epigr.

*Epigr. 2. In Corum.*

Corus desires with them to haue a place,
 Whom my sleight muse of right doth celebrate.
 Avant ye peasant, for you are too base.
 What you among the worthies of our state?
 How should I fitt you with a trough or sinke,
 Or plant a kenell for your worthinesse,
 But that the rest for neighbourhood must stinke,
 And be confiners to your filthynesse?
 I tooke myne oath *Thalia* at thy shryne,
 Ne're to embrue my verses with a swyne.

Epigr. 3. Ad Iohannem Davis.

IF witt may make a Poet, as I gesse,
Heywood with auncient Poets may I compare.
 But thou in word and deed hast made him lesse,
In





In his owne witt : hauing yet learning spare,
 The goate doth hunt the grasse: the wolfe the goat.
 The lyon hunts the wolfe, by prooffe we see.
Heywood fang others downe, but thy sweete note
Davis, hath fang him downe, and I would thee.
 Then be not mou'de, nor count it such a sinn,
 To will in thee what thou hast donn in him.

Epigr. 4.

King *Philip* would by force victoriously,
 Inuade our land:which hauing proude in vaine,
 He wars with treason most ingloriously.
 Yet is repelde, and driuen home againe.
 In great attempts few spare for wickednesse,
 Yet neuer any man did more for lesse.

E 4

Epigr.





*Epigr. 5. Ad comitem Essexiæ iam
nauigaturum.*

THEse ships with childe with such an enterprze,
 As more then quicke they trauaile with to *Spayne*;
 These Captaynes of couragious companies,
 The towers and fortes, *Elysa*, if thy reigne,
 These Armies marching and these ensignes spread,
 These Armes aduanst vpon our enemies :
 All as the body, waite on thee their head,
 Great Lord, dipt in thine heart, fixt in thine eyes,
 Go on with liuing courage, tempring sweete,
 The inspirde body of her royall fleete,

Epigr. 6. Ad eundem.

THE newes of Spanish wars, how wondrously,
 It strooke our heartes, what terrour it did breed.
 Saint





Saint *Mary* porte and *Cales* can testifie,
 And thousand's Spaniards witnessing the deede,
 When thou *Deurox*, with feare wast so dismaid,
 That thou to *Siwill* well nigh fled'st for ayde.

Epigr. 7.

WHEN *Cæsar* in those wars which did not cease,
 Till they had consummated not his peace :
 By higher cause was drawne into the flood,
 Where *Alexanders* royall citie stooode :
 And now the world did stint her conquering,
 Against the comming of a greater king,
Ægypt, which hording all iniquities,
 Vnder yet vnreuealed mysteries,
 Did burne the wisedome of all ages olde
 Which forty thousand volumes had enrolde :
 Plainely foretold what shortly should ensue.
 Wipe out the olde world and begin the new.

Epigr.



*Epigr. 8. In Philonem.*

P*Hylō* is richly rayde, and beareth hye
 His great reuenues dated in his coate.
 Coyne, iewels, plate and land : loa heere they lie.
 This is their last which lately so did floate.
 First in his bely shipt they suffred wracke.
 Now they are landed all vpon his backe.

Epigr. 9.

Besides contentions to vs naturall,
 And to our age : besides all wickednesse
 So rife so ripe, so reaching ouer all,
 And murdring malice raging in excesse.
 We haue inuented engines to shed blood,
 Such as no age did euer knowe before.
 Like as God thundreth from the ayrie clowde:
Lightning





Lightning forth death out of deaths house of store,
 What Arte had euer more perfection.
 Then murder hath, since gonns did worke our euill,
 Fye on all mischieuous inuention.
 Fye on all wicked heads, fye on the diuell,
 Which vs fuch murdring instruments assignes.
 It is to much to haue fuch murdring mindes.

Epigr. 10.

WHen bäckrupt *Tamus*, his chānel scarfe did wett,
 He was great store of water in our dett,
 Which all he payde vs, when an other yeare
 Hee pleaded at the barre at *Westminstere*.

Epigr. Ad Lectorem.

Reader if *Heywood* liued now againe
 Whome time of life hath not of praise bereaued,
 If





If he would write, I could expresse his vaine,
Thus he would write, or else I am deceiued.

Epigr. 12. Of a pudding.

(pends

THE end is all, & in the end the praise of all de-
A podding merits double praise, a podding hath
(two ends.

Epigr. 13. A crossing of that Epigram

A podding hath two ends? ye lye my brother:
For he begins at one, and ends at t'other.

Epigr. 14. Of the Lions?

TELL me good *Tom*, hast thou the Lions seene?
Iacke I haue felt them: why where hast thou bene?
Where





Where haue I not beene, ranging heere and there
And trust me *Iacke* Lions are euery where,
Why then thou saw'st them : foole that is no foare,
He that tels thee I felt them, tells thee more.

Epigr. 15. Of Ienkin.

I *Ienkin* is a rude clowne ; go tell him so.
What neede I tell what he himfelfe doth know ?
Perhaps he knowes not, then he is a fott,
For tell me, what knowes he which knows not that ?

Epigr. 16. Of an Ape.

HE that would know an Ape, may be to seeke,
An Ape is that, which an Ape is not like.

Epigr.



*Epigr. 17. Of Bankes horſe.*

B*ankes* hath an horſe of wondrous qualitie,
 For he can fight, and piſſe, and daunce, and lie.
 And finde your purſe, and tell what coyne ye haue.
But Bankes, who taught your horſe to ſmel a knaue ?

*Epigr. 18. Of Pymer which fell mad for
 the loue of his dogg Talbott.*

P*ymer* lou'de *Talbot*, *Talbot* loued him,
 Who loued beſt ? both loued constantly.
Pymer with *Talbot* dy'd, *Talbot* with him.
 Who dyed beſt ? both dyed louingly.
 Yet were I iudge for *Talbot* I ſhould fitt,
 Whoſe match in loue *Pymer* was, not in witt.

Epigr.

*Epigr. 18. Ad Lectorem.*

Some will perhaps condemne my foolish veyne,
 For that of Dogs, Lyons, and Apes I speake.
 But if they knewe the cause they would refrayne.
 I doe it onely for the Printers sake.
 The simple must haue something for their humour,
 And hauing somthing they my booke will buy.
 Then gayneth he by whome I am no looser.
 So is he fatisfide, and they and I.
 Some will giue fixe pence for a witty touch,
 And some to seee an Ape will giue as much.

Epigr. 19. In Seuerum.

Seuerus reads my booke, and hauing read,
 Forthwith pronounceth me an idle head.
 And idle he had binn as well as we,

But





But that he matter found to carpe at me :
 Then all goes not amisse as I mistooke ;
 I see there is some matter in my book.

Epigr. 20. In eundem.

S*euerus* calls me idle, I confesse :
 But who can worke vpon my idlenesse.

Epigr. 21.

When *Sextus Quintus* traytrously had slayne,
 He threw his spoyled corpe into the deepe.
 But the iust sea did throw him out againe,
 And to a murder would not counsaile keepe.
 The fact appeares, the author of the sinne,
 Is yet vnknowne, but see the slayne doth bleede.
 And his cold blood runs out, and points at him,
 And





And cryes, this is the author of the deede.
 Thus euen the dead against such villanie
 Of *Abels* blood for vengeance learne to cry.

Epigr. 21. Ad reginam Elizebetham.

MOther of *England*, and sweete nurse of all,
 Thy countries good which all depends on thee,
 Looke not that countries father I thee call,
 A name of great and kingly dignitie,
 Thou dost not onely match old kings, but rather,
 In thy sweete loue to vs, excell a father.

Epigr. 22. Ad eandem.

I Know where is a thiefe and long hath beene,
 Which spoyleth euery place where he resortes.
 He steales away both subiectes from the Queene.
 F And





And men from his owne country of all fortes.
 Howses by three, and seauen, and ten he raseth,
 To make the common gleabe, his priuate land.
 Our country Cities cruell he defaceth,
 The grasse grows greene where litle *Troy* did stand,
 The forlorne father hanging downe his head,
 His outcast company drawne vp and downe.
 The pining labourer doth begge his bread.
 The plowwayne seek's his dinner from the towne.
 O Prince, the wrong is thine, for vnderstand :
 Many such robbries will vndoe thy land.

Epigr. 23. Ad Do. Mountioly.

Mountioly what is my muse, or my dull pen,
 Or my forlorne conceipt, worthy of thee
 The honoredst of honorable men,
 Nobling with vertues thy Nobilitie ?

Yet





Yet fith thy fame through euery eare doth flie,
And all men praife thy worth : why should not I ?

Epigr. 24. In Cacum.

When *Cacus* wrong'de me, this was his excuse,
I meant no harme : I thought thee no abuse.
Well had he meant it worfe I could not speede.
I could not fealt his thought more then his deede.
I would haue thankt him had the cafe so stood,
That he had meant me harme and doone me good.

Epigr. 25. In eundem.

You did me harme, but meant not so to doe,
Since you haue donne it *Cacus*, meane it to.

F 2

Epigr.



*Epigr. 26. Ad Georgium Morton
Armig.*

Morton whose face bewrayes antiquitie,
When men were goodly of proportion.
But in whose heart is true gentilitie,
In thee perfited, in thy race begonne.

Take these poore lines, as due to thy defart,
From him which owes to thee more then his heart.

Epigr. 27. Ad Richardum Eeds.

Eds, onely thou an Epigram dost feason,
With a sweete tast and relish of enditing.
With sharpes of sence, and delicates of reason,
With salt of witt and wonderfull delighting.

For in my iudgement him thou hast exprest,
In whose sweet mouth hony did build her nest.

Epigr.



*Epigr. 28. Ad Guilielmne Suttonum.*

WHen breath and life through my cold miserie,
 Did euen fayle, and hope had made an end.
 Thou *Sutton* did'st put breath and life in me,
 With the sweet comforts of a faithfull friend.
 O that I likewise might keepe thee from death
 With my pens life, and with my papers breath.

Epigr. 9.

NEuer so many masters any knew,
 And so fewe gentlemen in such a crewe.
 Neuer so many houses, so small spending.
 Neuer such store of coyne : so little lending.
 Neuer so many cofins : so fewe kynde.
 Goodmorrowes plenty, good wils heard to finde.
 Neuer so many clerkes, neere learning lesse.

F 3

Many





Many religious, but least godlineffe.
 Iustice is banished, lawe breeds such strife,
 And trueth : and why ? for fwearing is so rife.
 Thus in her strength of causes vertue dieth,
 But vice without a cause still multiplieth.

Epigr. 39. Ad Cacus.

THere was presented you an odd Libell
 For which you knowe *Cacus*, you payd me well,
 But well I knowe, of me sir you had none,
 Remember then *Cacus*, I owe you one.

Epigr. 31. In Libellum.

Libel all rawe with indigested spite,
 Whose witt doth droppe inuenumde iniurie.
 Whose pen leakes blots of spitefull infamie,
 Which





Which the synke of thy paper doth receite.
Why dost thou boast ? for if thou had'st don well.
In naughty things twere easie to excell.

Epigr. 32. Ad Mathonem.

M*Atho*, if common liking may suffice,
And temprate iudgement, when you do repeat,
Then would I praise your verses once or twise.
But I must rage and cry, and sweare and sweat,
I must condemne the writers of all ages,
And wrong diuiner wits which were before :
When hauing spent and consum'de all my praises
Yet you reade on, and yet you looke for more.
Henceforth looke for no praise at your recyting.
Wordes are but winde, i'le set it downe in writing.

F 4

Epigr.



*Epigr. 33.*

A Wealch and English man meete on the way,
 Both poore, both proud, full of small courtesy.
 They fall in talke till each of them display,
 Both their great mindes, and small abilitie.
 The wealch man from one word of discontent,
 Of an huge quarrell tooke occasion :
 Telling the englishman he should repent,
 For he should fight with all his nation.
 The english man would put vp no disgrace,
 But said I will, doe you appoint the place.

Epigr. 34. in Thymum.

T *Hymus* is so enspirde so mortifide,
 So pure a ghost, so heauenly spirituall :
 That all things else to God he hath deny'd.
 Feete,





Feete, knees, hands, breast, face, eyes, lips, tongue &
 As false religion he doth reuile it, (all.
 Which loues the knees, or any outward part.
 With his stinking lounges will not defile it.
 Nor with his purest blood, nor with his heart,
 In spirit he doth ride, walkes, eates, and drinckes
 In spirit he hates, he rayles, *I* worse then this,
 He cares not what the vulgar sort do thinke,
 Alas they knowe not of what spirit he is,
 Neyther know I, yet thinke I of an euill,
 And feare his spirit will turne into a deuill.

Epigr. 35.

D*Aneus* nose when time of death drew neere,
 So hideously did swell, none could suppose
 What was the cause, two beds prepared were,
 One for *Daneus*, to'ther for his nose.

One





One said it bredd a wolfe : againe another,
 Did iudge the tympany the cause of rising :
 Some sayde it was tormented with the mother.
 Some with the scurvies for not exercising.
Being ript vp, the cause of death was spied.
 Ten thousand iestes were found, whereof it died.

Epigr. 36.

THe peasant *Corus* of his wealth doth boast,
 Yet he scarce worth twise twenty pounds at most,
 I chanc'de to worde once with this lowlie fwayne.
 He calde me base, and beggar in disdaine.
 To try the trueth hereof I rate my selfe.
 And cast the little count of all my wealth.
 See how much Hebrew, Greeke, and Poetry,
 Latin, Rhetorique and Philosophie.
 Reading and sence in sciences profound,
 All valued, are not worth forty pounds.

Epigr.



*Epigr. 37.*

M*Atho* in wealth and ease, at libertye,
Expreffeth neither witt nor honesty.
But is secure and idle, dull and vaine,
His pleasures man, and his sweete fortunes swayne,
But when he is awakt with misery.
With executions, and pouertie.
When he is quite vndonne and nothing worth.
Then like a viper his witt crawleth forth.

Epigr. 38. In Seuerum.

S*euerus* hates my pens lycentious grace.
He liked not of my gadding poetry.
He tearmes my writing like the wildgoose race,
In fine he saith that all is vanity.

Away





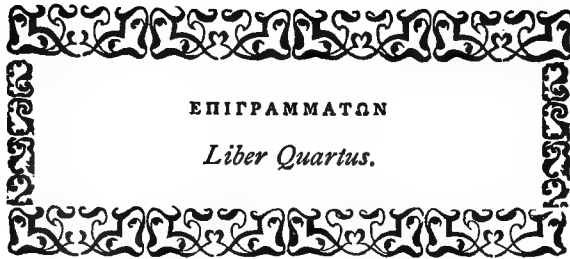
Away faith he, I like not this redundancy,
 Away with him, a Poet is abundance.

Epigr. 39. Ad Essexiæ comitem.

IF I could turne my verse into defart,
 Or tune my sense to thy nobilitie.
 Great *Essex*, then should'st thou enjoy my arte,
 And challenge me thy Poet worthely.
 But since I cannot equall thee with art
 Take thy reward out of thine owne defart.

Finis Libri Tertij.





Epigr. I. Ad Librum suum.

LYe not my booke for that were wickednes,
 Be not too idle, idle though thou be,
 Eschewe scurrilitie and wantonneffe.
 Temper with little mirth, more grauity.
 Rayle not at any least thy friends forsake thee.
 In earnest cause of writing shew thy witt.
 Touch none at all that no man may mistake thee.
 But speake the best that all may like of it,
 If any aske thee what I doe professe,
 Say that, of which thou art the idlenesse.

Epigr.



*Epigr. 2. Ad Do. Mountioy.*

M*ountioy*, among the labours of my pen,
 Which my glad muse aspieth to present,
 To thee as worthiest of all other men,
 Of thee as patron and high president,
 If any had, these had bin worthy best.
 But since all are, these are vnworthy least.

Epigr. 3. Ad Librum suum.

M*y* booke, some handes in *Oxford* wil thee take,
 And beare thee home, and louingly respect thee
 And entertaine thee for thy masters sake :
 And for thy masters sake some will reiect thee.
 But to my faithfull friendes commend I thee.
 And to mine enemies, commend thou me.

Epigr.



Epigr. 4. Ad vtranque Acadamiam.

YE famous sister Vniuersities, (hate ?
Oxford and Cambridge, whence proceeds your
Brothers rare concord do ye imitate,
Each greeting each with mutuall iniuries ?
Brothers fall out and quarrell I confesse.
But sisters loue ; for it becomes you lesse.

Epigr. 5. Ad easdem.

WHy strive ye sisters for antiquitie ?
Can not your present honour you suffice ?
VVhy strive ye sisters for that vanitie.
VVhich if ye sawe as twas, you would despise ?
You must make loue : loue is your surest hold,
Others must honour you and make you olde.

Epigr.



*Epigr. 6. De sua Clepsydra.*

Setting mine howre glasse for a witnesse by
 To measure studie as the time did fly :
 A lingring muse possesse my thinking brayne :
 My minde was reaching, but in such a veyne,
 As if my thoughtes by thinking brought a sleepe,
 Wingleffe & footelesse, now like snailes did creepe.
 I eyde my glasse, but he so fast did ronne.
 That ere I had begonne, the howre was donne.
 The creeping sandes with speedy pace were flitt,
 Before one reason crept out of my witt.
 When I stoode still I sawe how time did fly.
 When my wits ranne, time ranne, more fast then I.
 Stay heere, ile change the course, let study passe
 And let time study while I am the glasse.
 What touch ye sands? are little mites so fleete?
 Can bodies ronne so swift which haue no feete?

And





And can ye tomble time so fast away?
Then farewell howers, I'll study by the day.

Epigr. 7.

O Vr fathers did but vse the world before.
And hauing vsde did leaue the same to vs.
We spill what euer resteth of their store.
What can our heyres inherit but our curse?
For we haue suckt the sweete and sappe away,
And sowed consumption in the fruitfull ground.
The woods and forests cladd in rich aray,
With nakednesse and baldnesse we confounde.
We haue defast the lasting monymentes
And caus'd all honour to haue ende with vs:
The holy temples feeble our rauishments.
What can our heyres inherit but our curse?
The world must ende, for men are so accurst,
Vnlesse God ende it sooner: they will furst,

G

Epigr.



*Epigr. 8. Ad Iohannem VWhitegift,
Arch. Cant.*

W*Hitegift*, whom gracious honour entertaines.
 Welcome as to the yeare the gladfome May,
 Welcome as is the morning to the day,
 Welcome as sleepe vnto the weary swaynes :
 The fayre *Elisa* white with heauenly praises :
 The Gods white Church adorned doth set forth.
 The all white meaning and excelling worth :
 The vertue white aboue all honour raifes.
 Yet let my pen present this little storie.
 Vnto the endlesse volume of thy glorie.

Epigr. 9. In adorantes reliquias.

IS it a worthy thing to digge vp bones ?
 To kisse, t'adore the reliques of dead men ?
Alas





Alas how foolish were those silly ones,
Which in times past did nought but burie them?
But they perhaps for stinke did then refraine:
But you doe worfe to make them stinke againe.
Yet in the very stinking this is odd,
They stank to men then, now they stinke to God.

*Epigr. 10. Comparatio Cranmeri
& Mutij.*

(hand

L Ike *Mutius Cranmer* thou diddest burne thine
LO but I iniure thee thus to compare.
Nothing was like, the fire, the cause, the man.
Yet likest you of all that stored are.
He had a Theatre of men to see
What thou didst represent to Angels eyes.
He burnt his hand to cinders carelessly,
Which thou by burning diddest sacrifice.

G 2

Thou





Thou diddest fowe thine hand into the flame,
 Which he consumde and could not reape againe.
 Thy loue did quench the burning of the same,
 Acting with pleasure what he did with paine.
 In him twas wonder that he did presume,
 To touch the flame with flesh contaminated.
 In thee twas wonder that the fire did burne.
 An holy hand to glory consecrated.

Eigr. 11.

P*vblius* hath two brothers fowle and cleane.
 The fowle is honest, and the cleane a foole :
 He in the middest maketh vp the meane,
 Sitting in vertues place : so faith our schoole :
 Of his extreames neither alowe he can
 The cleane foole, nor the filthy honest man.

Epigr.





Epigr. 12. De Læto & Bitō.

L*ætus* doth pittie *Bitus* for his wantes,
 And low desires, & meane hopes, & poore fare :
 For small house and little household plantes.
 For his plainnesse, and for his honest care,
Bitus doth pittie *Lætus* happinesse,
 And his great house, sweet friend's & dangers store,
 His heedlesse good and steepe presumptuousnesse,
 His merry heart and thoughts aspyring more.
 Thus each do see into the others woe.
 But *Bitus* is more mercifull of the two.

Epigr. 13.

I*ndie* newe found the Christian faith doth holde,
 Reioycing in our heauenly merchandize.
 Which we haue chang'd for pretious stones & gold
 G 3 And





And pearle and feathers, and for Poppingyes.
 Now are they louing, meeke and vertuous,
 Contented, sweetly with poore godlinesse.
 Nowe are we saluage, fierce and barbarous,
 Rich with the fuell of all wickednesse.
 So did *Elishaes* seruant *Gehazye*,
 With *Naamans* goold, buy *Naamans* leprofye.

Epigr. 14.

R*Vfus* hath spent his gummes and vnderlippe,
 Cancelde his face, vndonne his faithfull eyes,
 And searde his throate with many a scalding sipp,
 Of *Ala fortis* where his treasure lies.
 Onely his nose remaines to comfort him,
 Which hath encroacht ore all the partes beside,
 Erecting *Trophees* ore his conquered chinn.
 Fayre crested, tall, voluminous and wide.

Vnder





Vnder whose cou'ring his face lyeth low.
Tanquam sub Aiacis clypeo.

Eigr. 15. De lue Mahometica.

WHen *Pan* forfooke the mountaines & the rocks,
 where he did leade his heards, & his great flocks
 And that sweete pipe to which the hils did dance,
 Was split a funder, a most wofull chance.
 And the worldes heart was smitten in her brest,
 And the bright Sunne, declined in the East.
 And the blinde *Locustes*, crau'de no other light,
 Then for their Sunne the black pits smoaking night.
Sodome forfooke her sea, where she lay dead.
 And with *Gomorrhe* all *Afa* ouerspread.

G 4

Epigr.





*Epigr. 16. Ad Reginam.
Elizabetham.*

When in thy flowring age thou did'st beginne,
 Thy happy reigne, *Eliza*, blessed Queene.
 Then as a flowre thy country gan to spring,
 All things as after winter waxed greene :
 No riper time shakes of thy flowring yeeres,
 Thy greennesse stayes, our budd continueth.
 No age in thee or winters face appeares.
 And as thou, so thy country florisheth.
 As if that greennesse and felicitie,
 Thy land did giue, which it receiues from thee.

Epigr. 17.

The Sonn which shines amid the heauē so bright,
 And guides our eyes to heauen by his light :
 Will





Will not be gazde on of a fleshly eye :
But blinde that fight which dares to see so hye :
Euen he doth tell vs that heauen doth require,
Far better eyes of them which would see higher.

Epigr. 18. Ad Comitem Essexiæ, de expeditione in Hispaniam.

BEING in armes, how did'st thou furiously,
With fire and sword thy trembled hand display
Which did'st become after the victory.
Sweete to the captiues, gentle to the pray ?
Teach *Spaine, Deuerox*, as thou hast well begunn
Not to dare fight, but dare to b'ouercome.

Epigr. 19. Ad eundem

ESSEX bring to *Elisa* youth and life.
Sing her a sleepe with ioyfull victories.

Leaue





Leaue to her enemies despaire and strife.
 Wake them with wofull wars, and fearfull cries.
 Of conquering vs how fowly doe they misse.
 Which feele our force, and enuy at our blisse.

Epigr. 20.

S Heepe haue eate vp our medows & our downes,
 Our corne, our wood, whole villages & townes,
 Yea, they haue eate vp many wealthy men,
 Besides widowes and Orphane childeren.
 Besides our statutes and our iron lawes,
 Which they haue swallowed down into their maws,
 Till now I thought the prouerbe did but iest,
 Which said a blacke sheepe was a biting beast.

Epigr.

*Epigr. 21.*

Mountioy, thy vertue and thy secret woorth,
 My lowe enditing seeketh not to raife.
 Heres no inuention to set thee forth.
 Here is no painted stile, no borrowed phraife.
 Yet breathing tables sweetly thee resemble,
 And thy fayre image dwels in liuing hearts :
 But least succeeding ages should dissemble,
 And time obscure the glory of thy partes.
 While thou dost liue giue life vnto my pen,
 Which when thou dyest will pay it the agen.

Epigr. 22. Ad Lectorem.

REader, I grant I doe not keepe the lawes,
 Of riming in my verse : but I haue cause :
 I turne the pleasure of the ende sometimes,
 Least he that likes them not should call thē rymes.
Epigr.





Epigr. 23. De tribus pueris in fornace ignea.

WHat were the children *Nabucadneſſar*,
 Which walking in the fornace thou did'ſt ſee?
 Was each an Angel, or an heavenly ſtarre,
 About the act of natures ſoueraigntie?
 Were they three wedges of the fineſt goold,
 Which the heauens treaſurer doth ſo deſire?
 Or had they power to turne the heat to colde?
 Were they three Salamanders in the fire?
 The flame was martyred with her heat ſpent,
 And the fire ſuffred for the innocent.

Epigr. 24. Epitaphum Cannij.

OF fighting *Cannius* here lye the bones,
 Which neuer receiued the lye but ones.

He





He thought to auenge him ; he drew forth his sword.
He ventured his life vpon a bare word.

Now I say he lyeth, in him the cause is,
Had he tane that lye, he had not tane this.

Epigr. 25.

O Vr *Water Drake* long seas, strange ieopardies,
Farr countries, great attempts haue ouertane.
Hee payde his life there, whence his glory came,
Adorne him *India* for in thee he lies,

We haue a worthier worthy of our state,
And would not leaue our *Water* for our *Drake*.

Epigr. 26.

I *Indie* which so long fearde, now hath our *Drake*,
Her feare lyes buried in her golden sands.

Which





Which we will oft reuifite for his fake,
Till we haue ranfomde him out of her handes.

You which will venter for a goolden pray,
Go on braue lads, by *Water* is your way.

Epigr. 27. In cultum reliquiarum.

TO feeke thee in thy Tombe sweete Iefu when,
The women with their oyntment hastened :
Two Angels did appeare, forbidding them
To feeke thee liuing there among the dead.
Did *Rome* by diuing in the tombes of faintes,
But feeke the liuing whence they now are fled,
Yet might they heare the Angels making plaint.
Seeke not the liuing *Rome* among the dead.
But to tye holy worshipp to dead bones.
To bowe religion to the wicked trust
Of croffes, reliques, afhes, stickes and stones.

To





To throwe downe liuing men to honour duft :
Is not to seeke, but like *Mezentius* rather,
To ioyne the liuing and the dead together.

Epigr. 28. Epitap. Richardi Pinuer.

Here lyes *Dicke Pinner*. O vngentle death,
Why didst thou rob *Dick Pinner* of his breath
For liuing he by scraping of a pinn :
Made better duft then thou hast made of him.

Epigr. 29. Ad Lectorem.

Reader but halfe my labour is expirde,
And Poet, matter, witt and all are tyrde.
Thrise fiftie labours haue worne out my veyne,
An hundred meanings and an halfe remayne,
Here





Heere would I rest were my first worke to doe.
VVerre the last at an end, heere would I to.

Epigr. 30.

M*Elus* was taught to speake, to read, to write.
Yet clerkly sooth he can do none of these.
He learned Logicke and Arithmetique.
Yet neither brauls nor ciphers worth a peaze.
The musicke schoole did teach him her sweet art.
He dealt with *Rhetorique* and *Astrologie*.
Yet nether can he chaunt it for his part,
Ne can he tell a tale, or prophesie,
And yet he rides as scholerlike (tis thought)
As neuer any ; yet was neuer taught.

Epigr.



*Epigr. 31. De Francisco Walsingham
& Philppo Sidneio Equit.*

Sir *Francis* and fir *Philip*, have no Toombe,
Worthy of all the honour that may be.
And yet they lye not so for want of roome,
Or want of loue in their posteritie.
Who would from liuing hearts vntombe such ones,
To bury vnder a fewe marble stones?
Vertue dyes not, her tombe we neede not raise,
Let thē trust tombs which haue outliu'd their praise.

Epigr. 32.

When I beholde with deepe astonishment,
To famous *Westminster* how there resort,
Liuing in brasse or stony monyment.
The princes and the worthies of all sorte :

H

Doe





Doe not I see reformde Nobilitie,
 Without contempt or pride, or ostentation ?
 And looke vpon offenselesse Maiesty,
 Naked of pompe or earthly domination ?
 And howe a play-game of a painted stone,
 Contents the quiet now and silent spirites.
 Whome all the world which late they stood vpon,
 Could not content nor squenche their appetites,
 Life is a frost of cold felicity.
 And death the thawe of all our vanitie.

Epigr. 33.

THe first and riper world of men and skill,
 Yeeldes to our later time for three inuentions.
 Miracoulously we write, we faile, we kill,
 As neither ancient scroll nor story mentions,
Printe. The first, hath open'd learnings old conceald,
And





And obscurde arts restored to the light,
 The second hiddē countries hath reuealed, *Loade*
 And sent Christes Ghospell to each liuing wight, *stone*
 These we commend, but O what needed more.
 To teach death more skill then it had before. *Gunns*

Epigr. 34. Ad Iohannem Reynolds.

DOe I call iudgement to my foolish rimes,
 And rarest art and reading them to view,
Reynoldes : Religions Oracle most true.
 Mirrour of arte, and *Austen* of our times ?
 For loue of these I call thee, which I pray,
 That thou in reading these would'st put away.

Epigr. 35.

I Sawe a naked corpse spread on the ground.
 Ouer the dead I sawe the liuing fight.
 H 2 If





If euer ought my senses did confound,
 Or touch my heart, it was this wofull sight,
 To wound the graue, to dare the dead to dye.
 To sprinkle life on ashes putrified.
 To weepe with blood, to mourne with villanie,
 To looke on death and not be mortified.
 Such funerals if we sustaine to keepe,
 I thinke the dead will rise, and for vs weepe.

Epigr. 36.

*C**Hito* and *Trogus* sinn th'extremitie,
Chito of pride, *Trogus* of gluttonie
Chito will weare his dinner on his backe.
Trogus will eate his shoes rather then lacke.
Chito hath earthen plate, but golden cuts :
Tragus hath a freize coate, but veluet guts.

Epigr.





Epigr. 37. De Gualtero Deuor in expeditione gallica caeso

THonour and blisse *Deuor* thou didst aspyre,
 By worthy means, though fortune not thy friend
 Tooke from thy ioyes, what vertue did desire,
 To giue thy life : but paide thee in thine ende.
 Onely at this thy country doth repine,
 That her reioycing is not ioynde with thine.

Epigr. 38. Ad Lectorem.

HAd I my wish contented I should be,
 Though nether rich nor better then you see.
 For tis not wealth nor honour that I craue,
 But a short life, Reader, and a long graue.

H-3

Epigr.



*Epigr. 39. Ad Henricum Wottonem.*

WOtton my little *Beere* dwels on a hill,
 Vnder whose foot the siluer Trowt doth swim
 The Trowt siluer without and goold within,
Bibbing cleere Nectar, which doth aye destill
 From *Nulams* lowe head; there the birds are singing
 And there the partiall Sunnne still giues occasion,
 To the sweete dewes eternall generation :
 There is greene ioy and pleasure euer springing,
 O iron age of men, O time of rue.
 Shame ye not that all things are goold but you ?

Epigr. 40.

MY merry exercifes of concept,
 When I was once in a feurer veyne.

Had

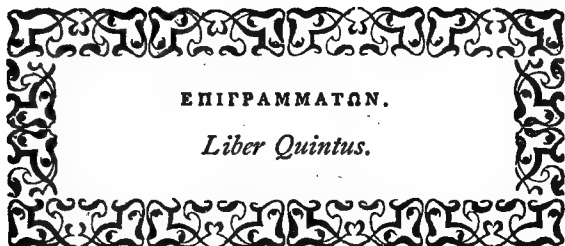




Had felt one dash, my fury was so great,
Vp was my pen and scarce could I refraine,
When two or three bespeake which I lik't best,
And for their sakes I pardon'd all the rest.

Finis Libri quarti.





Epigr. 1 Ad Do. Mountiōy.

Mountiōy if I haue praised worthy men,
 And with safe liberty contented me,
 Touching no states with my presumptuous pen :
 If from all secret biting I am free :
 I hope I shall not loose thy patronage,
 If I doe lawfull thinges and voyde of feare,
 If hunt the Fox if bring the Ape on stage,
 If I doe whip a curr or baite the Beare,
 For these are exercifes of such sorte,
 As ly alike to earnest and to sports.

Epigr.



*Epigr. 2. Ad Lectorem.*

AN heauie book reader my weary pen,
 Doth here present to thee, which doth containe
 The faultes and euils of so many men,
 With which my paper doth euen sinke againe.
 They haue confest their sinnes into my booke,
 Which here vnloaded, all they haue forsaken.
 Now for newe faults and errours they must looke.
 Cleere of the olde which I haue vndertaken.
 If I keepe them, their record will remaine.
 If I doe not, they will returne againe.

Epigr. 3.

THough choise of faultes, and purest vice selected
 Be my bookes subiect here by me detected :
 Yet he that blames the writer is not wise.
 He giues vice a person, not persons vice.

Epigr.

*Epigr. 4. In Getam.*

G*æta* from wooll and weauing first beganne,
Swelling and fwelling to a gentleman.
When he was gentleman, and brauely dight
He left not fwelling till he was a knight.
At last, (forgetting what he was at furst)
He swole to be a Lord : and then he burst.

Epigr. 5. In Seuerum.

S*euerus* hath no touch of eloquence.
He can not double with a strayne of witt.
A ridled sentence floates about his sence.
Figures are misteries and farre vnfit.
Well mett *Seuerus*, for to tell ye true.
This is a booke of vulgars made for you.

Epigr.

*Epigr. 6. In Candidum.*

WHEN my friend *Candidus* was in distresse,
 Me thought I ioyed true felicitie.
 To loue his woe it was my happineffe.
 And to feele halfe of my friends misery.
 But when his fortune turnd about her wheele.
 And melancholy good did ourtake him,
 I was no fitt companion for his weale.
 From thence began my woe and my forsaking.
 For now he keepses the good as cruellie.
 As franke of late he spent the euill on me.

Epigr. 7. In Thymum.

THymus doth speake how all the fathers olde,
 Were men, & therfore thinks he may be bold.
 He blufheth not *S. Austen* to disgrace.
Ambrose, and *Ierome*, when he comes in place.
 He cytes *S. Bernarde* and *S. Gregorie*,

And





And then Casseers them of his homely.
 He names *S. Chrysofome* with much a doe.
 And of the fathers Greeke, more, one or two.
 All theſe by ſpeaking *Thymus* doth defame.
 And would abuſe more if he knew their name.

Epigr. 8. In Cacum.

C*Acus* though nothing but a loafe perdy,
 He fett before his hungry friends at boorde :
 Yet he prates of the ſinn of gluttony,
 And how that ſurfeyt kills more than the ſworde,
 How three at *Belinſgate* with Oyſters dy'de
 Howe fixe vpon one Cabidge ſurfeyted.
 Of theſe he prates and many moe beſide
 Fearing leaſt we ſhould ſurfeite on his bread.
Cacus haue donne, for we may ſurfeite heare
 Well with thy words, but hardly with thy cheare.
Epigr.



*Epigr. 9.*

R*ichard* gaue money vnto *Christopher*,
 Which should but say he was an vsurer.
 For though poore *Richard* neuer yet coulde lend,
 Neither could borrow of his deereft friend :
 Yet he did thinke the name of vsurie.
 Should gett him credit, wealth and honesty.
 O wretched age of ours, O times accurst.
 We are ashamd'e of all shames saue the worst.

Epigr. 10. In Mirum.

Readers be iudge betweene *Mirus* and me,
 And as thou iudgest it, so it shall be.
 I blame vnseemely things with modesty.
 He railes vpon me most reprochfully.
 I rayle at none, but hauing shewde the vice,
 Onely





Onely commend the good, and warne the wise.
Should I commend the bad? but that were sinne,
Should I dispraise the good? that would please him;
Should I write nothing, and my pen refraine?
There is so much matter, who can abstaine?

Epigr. 11. In Seuerum.

S*Seuerus* notes how euery verse begins,
And still he saith, he findes lesse ads then ins,
Lesse ads then ins? why should it not be so?
If men be nought is it my fault or no?
Or should I praise vice, and commend a spott?
Beare witnesse reader I commend it not.
And yet I spare it, but I spare it so,
I giue a great Affe but a little blow.

Epigr.

*Epigr. 12. In Bardum.*

B*Ardus* eats crusts and shreds of *Barly* bread,
 Parings of cheefe, and drippings of the meate.
Steru'de mutton, beefe with foote bemartelled.
 And skinn and bones : all these will *Bardus* eate.
 He ends the loafe, he fleas the cheefe, (O teeth)
 And when the bones dance naked then he praies.
 He makes the foote smoake out of rusty beefe,
 And that which hunger kilde, his hunger stayes,
 And yet his father is no dogge I fee.
 His father is not, but his sonne may be.

Epigr. 13.

A Knot of mariage legitimate,
 Was knitt betweene *Fausta* and *Fortunate*.
 She had enterred husbands seauen before.

He





He foure and three wiues buried and no more.
And now they striue which of them shall die furst,
For in my iudgement neither is the worst.

Phisition *Lanio* if he should come thether,
He would perhaps vnknitt them both together.

Epigr. 14. Thymum.

T*Hymus* hath finnde the sinne of symony.

Both for himfelfe and all posteritie.
He hath made cleane dispache and quite remou'd
That holy land, so long so deerely lou'de:
Better for their foules health prouide who could,
Which shall not finn hereafter though they would?

I

Epigr.



*Epigr. 15. In Castorem.*

Castor at euery fashions new disguise,
 Is mou'de to speake, (the cause doth so require.
 And vanity doth so offend his eyes)
 How men like monsters wander in attyre.
 But the same fashions which he so did scoffe,
 Long after like repentance he doth weare.
 After the brauer sorte haue cast them off.
 Like fashions counting booke, or regesture.
 Or like an Epitaph, which still doth cry.
 Loa here the ende of all our brauerie.

Epigr. 16. In Brillum.

Brillus is neither proud nor timerous,
 Nor of the fwearing cutt, as many be.
 He is not false, he is not couetous,

He





He is not amorous, he is not he.
 He is not giuen to the finn of wine,
 And yet he is not honest for all this,
 How euer secretly he doth decline.
 I cannot but commend him for the misse.

Epigr. 17 In S. Q. C. &c.

S*extus* and *Quintus*, *Caius*, and the rest,
 Looke for their commendations with the best.
Quintus hath a large house, which may containe,
 Three Lords, with roome to spare, & al their traine;
Sextus hath corne and all prouision meete,
 To vittaile, if need should require a fleete.
Caius by th'yeare a thousand pounds may spend,
Dacus may loane three thousand to his friend.
 How could I praise these, lesse I vnderstood,
 The future tenfe of the potentiall moode?

I 2

Epigr.

*Epigr. 18.*

A Wonderfull scarfety will shortly ensue,
 Of Butchers, of Bakers, of all such as brewe.
 Of Tanners, of Taylers, of Smithes and the rest.
 Of all occupations that can be expref'd,
 In the yeare of our Lorde, six hundred and ten.
 I thinke : for all theſe will be Gentlemen.

Epigr. 19. in Philonem.

P^{Hilo} if naked loue you aſke of me.
 White loue, cleare loue, and ſuch as loued was
 Of our forefathers in ſimplicity :
 Then loue and looke on me, I am your glaſſe.
 This cuts you off : your friend, muſt fawne & flatter,
 Nay more then this, your friend muſt you beelie :
 I to your face : and that for no ſmall matter,
But





But for your woorth, your witt and honesty.
 This cuts me of: the cause if you require,
 I would not haue my friend proue me a lyar.

Epigr. 20. In Nisum & Mopsam.

M*Isus* and *Mopsa* hardly could agree,
 Striuing about superioritie.
 The text which sayth that man and wife are one.
 Was the chiefe argument they stooode vpon.
 She held they both one woman should become.
 He held both should be man, and both but one.
 So they contended dayly, but the the strife,
 Could not be ended, till both were one wife.

Epigr. 21. In Gillonem.

Y*ou* which haue sorrows hiddē bottom founded,
 And felt the ground of teares and bitter moane.
I 3
You





You may conceiue how *Gilloes* heart is wounded,
And iudge of his deepe feeling by your owne.

His toothlesse wife then she was left for dead.

When graue and all was made, recovered.

Epigr. 22. In Lanionem medicum.

PHifition *Lanio* neuer will forfake,
His golden patiente while his head doth ake :
When he is dead farewell, he comes not there.
He hath not cause, nor courage to appeare.
He will not looke vpon the face of death,
Nor bring the dead vnto her mother earth.
I will not say, but if he did the deede,
He must be absent, lesse the corpse should bleed.

Epigr.



*Epigr. 23. in Dacum.*

D*Acus* hath all things that he can desire,
He hath fayre land, and yellow goold to spare.
The good of which God knows he comes not nere
But pickes out paine, and feedeth on the care.
He will not warme his backe with one good coate
Nor spend one penny to offend his store.
He will not feast his belly with a groate.
Hunger and he, are matches and no more.
Heele tast no sweete of all his happineffe,
Belike he knowes his owne vnworthineffe.

Epigr. 24.

OVr peruerse age doth recon least of all,
Of the true noble, plaine, and liberall.
And giueth honour most iniurious.

I 4

Vnto





Vnto the bafe, craftie and couetous.
 What makes the good repine? what wrongs the wife?
 What is the fpoyle of all? fortunate vice.

Epigr. 25. in Timonem.

T*imon* is ficke of feuen which deadly be.
 And yet not like to die for ought I fee.
 He hath the foggie finn of Ale and cakes.
 He hath the finn of lace and fuftniapes,
 He hath the feeing finn the heartes great'ft woe,
 And yet he hath the finn, of winken to.
 He hath the fparrowes finn, & thefe which follow,
 He hath, he hath, the redd finn and the yellow.

Epigr.





Epigr. 26. In Septimum.

S*eptimus* doth excell for daintie cheere,
His diet is olde Mutton and new beere.
And sugred mustard and sweete vinegeere.

Epigr. 27. In Cophum.

C*ophus* doth liue as if he could bestowe,
Life on his friende, and life vpon his foe.
As if he had a life to sport and play.
As if he had a life to cast away.
As if he had change of liue, and life did found.
Not as one farthing of his thousand pound.
As if his landes were wondrous large and great.
And life but one small dust to that huge heape.
Yet life is all his goold, and all his land.
Himfelse and all, if he did vnderstand.

Epigr.



*Epigr. 28. Translatum ex Martiali.*

N Eighbours, I meruaile much to see your strife,
 Since ye are so well matcht, so like of life,
 A most vile husband, a most wicked wife.

Epigr. 29. In Lalum.

A Dry beame feedes the mind, as *Pyndar* writes,
 And quickneth reason with refined spirits.
 But your conceit is dull and nothing such,
Lalus ; I thinke you wett your mind to much.

Epigr. 30. In Castorem.

T He gooldsmith guildeth filuer, tinn or brasse,
 The painter paints on wood or baser stone.
 What gooldsmith guilded goold that euer was ?
 What





What painter euer painted rubies? none.
But *Castor* paints himfelfe, and thinks it good.
To steale away his pictures praife from wood :

Epigr. 31. In Lotum.

L*otus* owes little vnto memory,
He will forget his purfe, his cloake, his hat.
I, both a good turne and an iniury.
His friend, himfelfe, and more I know not what.
Nothing remaines of all things more and leffe,
To be forgotten, but forgetfulnesse.

Epigr. 32. In Momum.

Hearing my fhort writs, *Momus* faith of me,
Why fhould not I endite as well as he?

As





As well as I *Momus*? so mought ye doe,
Rather then I should write as well as you.

Epigr. 33. in Vlysses.

V *Lysses* hauing scapt the ocean flood.
Twife ten yeares pilgrimage in foreyn landes.
And the sweete deathes of *Syrens* tunde with blood,
And *Cyclops* iawes, and *Circes* charming handes :
Comes home, and seeming safe, (as he mistakes)
He steps awrie, and fals in to *Aiæx*.

Epigr. 34. in Medonta.

Toward my marte, *Medon*, I will said I
Present you with a booke (but you refused)
Which for your kindnesse sake I did denie.
Then you repinde as being more abused.

And





And cause you had of both to be afraide.
Whether it were to paie, or to be paide.

Epigr. 35.

With charge of foules as Polititians say,
Possesse one clerke should but one benefice.
But without charge of foules, we see how they.
Sticke not to lay vp, fowre and seauen apiece.
We clerkes would keepe one liuing and no moe.
So you which are not clerks would keepe but two.

Epigr. 36. in festum.

Tell *Festus* that this mirth and iollitie,
These futs these feasts, this daily flocking to him.
This gameling and this wanton luxurie,
This carelessefnesse, this free heart will vndoe him.
He





He cannot heare, his wits are not his owne,
 But his sweete fortunes, whose commaund is such,
 That *Festus* senses quite are ouerthrowne,
 Since she gaue him of hers, a little too much.
 Then why aduise you him? let it suffice,
 That he doth that himselfe must make him wise.

Epigr. 37. In Asbestum.

*C*hlorus was greene, when in his tenderneffe,
Asbestus did contemne his littleneffe.
 Yet he did force his buds, and wreake his spite
 Vpon his leaues before his fruite was ripe.
 When thou bar'st fruite *Chlorus*, as little tree,
 Then did *Asbestus* pull thy fruite from thee.
 Till time drew on, which did his rage impeach,
 And bare thy fruite on high, aboue his reach :
Then





Then other meanes, by malice, he had none,
To worke reuenge, but hang himfelfe thereon.

Epigr. 38. in Scillam.

N O enemie of *Scillas* can accuse him,
Of any wrong or villanie pretended.
Of any prouocation or abusing,
Or the least cause why they should be offended.
Yet *Scilla* hath a fault to make amendes.
He will abuse none but his deereft friends.

Epigr. 39. in Merum.

M *Erus* doth reconcile Philosophie,
To bellies want and backes neceffitie.
This Moone will caufe much appetite of meat,
The outward colde doubling the inward heate.

Shew





Shew him your flocke : and he will vndertake,
 How many ierkins all their wooll will make.
 Shew him an hundred beeues : heele make a plaine
 Account, how many dinners they contayne.
 Drinke you Tabaccho nere so secretly,
 Yet by the smoake heele tell the quantitie.

Epigr. 40. in Castorem.

C*astor* doth grauely shake his holow beard,
 And talkes of pollicy and feates of warre.
 Matters of state and rule, I am afearde,
 He mindes to be some princes counfeller.
 Yet many misse which ayme in such a fort,
 I thinke heele neuer be but of the court.

Epigr.





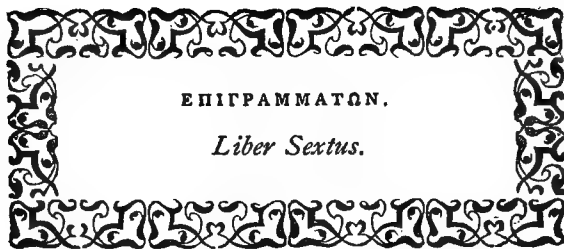
Epigr. 40.

Some vnderstand my meaning as it is :
Some vnderstand it worfe ; againe some better :
They doe me right which read, and doe not misse.
But to the other two I am a detter.
The best I will requite the best I may.
The worst shall trust me if I cannont pay.

Finis Libri quinti.



K



ΕΠΙΓΡΑΜΜΑΤΩΝ.

*Liber Sextus.**Epigr. 1. Ad Lectorem.*

Some mirth doth please, to some it is offence.
 Some will haue vices toucht, some none of that,
 Some will haue sleight cōcept, some deeper sence,
 Some wil haue this, and some they know not what,
 And he which must please all and himselfe to,
 Reader, I thinke something he hath to doe.

Epigr. 2. In Carum.

Carus abuseth me and faith I fill,
 My papers with fond trifles and delightes.
 Would I could make so well as he can spill.

K 2

Yet





Yet is there something more in my short writs.
 For tell me *Carus*, if I be so vaine,
 As of meere courtesy you say I am :
 Where did I borrow of an idle brain ?
 What common iest lent me an Epigram ?
 And yet I can be plaine, do not mistake.
 But if I be, it shall be for your sake.

Epigr. 3. Ad Do. Mountioy.

NO *Helicone Mountioy*, no *Castale* well,
 Shall wett my tongue to make thy praises last :
 Thy praises they themselues so sweetly tell,
 Welling forth from thy vertues fount so fast.
 That euen the muses hence might sett supply.
 To wett their tongues, if *Helicone* were dry.

Epigr.



*Epigr. 4. Ad Rodulphum Horsee. equit.*

HOrsee, my slender muse not learn'd to flye,
 But learn'd to speake, & country songs to sing:
 Shall giue thy name winges of eternitie.
 And liuing glory to thine ashes bring:
 Thou which did'st feed the home bred poets pen,
 And cheered'st vp his fad and heauy muse,
 Take thy reward among no vulgar men,
 And these fewe greeting lines doe not refuse,
 Which haue no other duety to impart:
 Then t'answere high desarts with humble art.

Epigr. 5. in Philonem.

PHilo, you loue a while vnfaignedly.
 But when with wrath enraged is your vaine,
 Then you reueale what euer secretly,

K 3

The





The bosome of our friendship did containe.
 Loue Captaynes *Philo* and *Italians* :
 Fencers, fouldiers and the gallant crewe.
 And hauing tam'de your friendship by their hande,
 Bring it to me and I will honour you.
 Or if ye dare not loue to suffer wrong,
 Then loue me *Philo*, but without a tongue.

*Epigr. 6. ad Thomam Egerton equitem,
 custodem magni sigilli.*

E*Gerton*, all the artes, whom thou dost cherish,
 Sing to thy praises most melodiously.
 And register thee to eternitie :
 Forbidding thee as thou dost them to perish.
 And artes praise the, and she which is aboue,
 Whom thou aboue all artes dost so protect.
 And for her sake all sciences respect.

Artes





Arts foueraigne mistresse, whom thy soule doth loue
 Thus you as stars in earth and heauen shine.
 Thou hers on earth, and she in heauen thine.

*Epigr. 7. In prophanationem
 nominis Dei.*

GOds name is bare of honour in our hearing,
 And euen worne out with our blasphemous
 Betweene the infant & the aged both (fwearing.
 The first and last they vtter, is an oath.
 O hellishe manners of our prophane age.
Iehouahs feare is scoft vpon the stage,
 The Minicke iester, names it euery day.
 Vnlesse God be blasphem'de, it is no play.

K 4

Epigr.



*Epigr. 8.*

When the great forests dwelling was so wide,
 And carelesse wood grew fast by the fires side :
 Then dogs did want the shepherds field to keepe,
 Now we want Foxes to confume our sheepe.

Epigr. 9.

They say the vfurer *Mifus* hath a mill,
 Which men to powder grindeth cruelly.
 But what is that to me ? I feare no ill,
 For fmaller then I am I cannot be.

*Epigr. 10. De Philippo Hispaniæ
 Rege.*

If workes doe faue, happy king *Philip* is,
 He may fet heauen to so high a prife.
 Since





Since all the goold of *Indie* now is his,
 That he alone may purchase Paradife,
 But merits faue, so faith the Church of *Rome*.
 And *Philip* doth beleuee it verily,
 With hired armes which renteth Christendome.
 And with huge fummes doth purchase villany
 Gainst princes heads, these are his pretious balmes,
 Fy *Rome*; teach you your king to giue such almes?

Epigr. 11. In Thymum.

A Mong abuses which you speake vnto,
 And iustly discommend (I know you doe.)
 (For vice is stronger, and which I wonder more,
 By multiplying stronger then before)
 The paynting of the face which you detest,
 Is one, and not the least among the rest.

But





But you paint sermons to Gods wordes disgrace,
Thymus I would you did but paint your face.

Epigr. 12.

THe wicked wound vs, yet aske why we bleede,
 The wicked smite vs, yet aske why we cry :
 They clip our winges, and yet would haue vs flye.
 They aske more bricke, yet take away our reede.
 And these not *Pharaohs* out of *Ægypt* spronge,
 But our owne *Israelites* which doe this wrong.
 And we from stranger countries hauing rest,
 In our sweete *Canaan* are thus opprest.

Epigr. 13.

THere is no fish in brookes little or great,
 And why ? for all is fish that comes to nett.
The





The small eate sweete, the great more daintely.
The great will seeth or bake, the small will frye.
For rich mens tables serue the greater fish.
The small are to the poore a daintie dish,
The great are at their best, and serue for store.
The small once tane, keepe or you catch no more.
We must thanke ponds, for riuers we haue none.
The fowle swim in the brook, the fish are flowne.

Epigr. 14. De Piscatione.

Fishing, if I a fisher may protest,
Of pleasures is the sweet'st, of sports the best,
Of exercises the most excellent.
Of recreations the most innocent.
But now the sport is marde, and wott ye why?
Fishes decrease, and fishers multiply.

Epigr.

*Epigr. 15.*

Content feedes not, one glory, or one pelfe,
Content can be contented with her felfe.

Epigr. 16. Ad Samuelem Danielelem.

Daniell, beside the subiect of thy verse,
With thy rich vaine and stile adorned so.
Besides that sweetnes with which I confesse,
Thou in thy proper kinde dost ouerflowe.
Me thinkes thou steal'st my Epigrams away,
And this small glory for which now I waite.
For reading thee me thinks thus would I say.
This hits my vaine, this had beene my concept.
But when I come my felfe to doe the like,
Then pardon me, for I am farre to seeke.

Epigr.

*Epigr. 17. In Sextum.*

S*Extus* vpon a spleen, did, rashly sweare,
That no newe fashion he would euer weare.
He was forsworne for see what did enfue,
He wore the olde, till the olde was the newe.

Epigr. 18. in Scillam.

S*Cilla* were I in loue with brauerie,
With caualeers, and with the gallant crew.
With captaines, soldiers, and such men as you
I neuer would forsake the company.
But if a word passe vnaduisedly.
If eyther iest or earnest please you not.
Out flies the dagger, friendship is forgot.
Stabbing is but a common courtesye.
And though the stranger catch it now and than,
The





The newe acquaintance at his first repaire,
 And he that meets you in the street or fayre.
 Yet for the most your friend is your first man,
 How should I dare loue him, which dares defend,
 He is no man which dares not stab his friend ?

Epigr. 19.

L *Alus* was noted for vaine talke and prating,
Carus for drinking and Tobaccho taking.
 When they both dy'de and were ript vp apart,
 One had no breath, the other had no heart.

Epigr. 20. In hospitem quendam.

Mine hoast *Porfenna*, when I am with you.
 I must praise all, though all be out of fashion.
 Or else mine hoast will fight and his friendes to.
And





And his friends friends, & all the generation,
 I dranke bad beere, my throate can fay no leffe.
 I fay so now, I durst not fay so then,
 I supt with clownes, rough, rude and mannerlesse.
 But I must fay, t'were courteous gentlemen,
 I praise your building (if I may so terme it.)
 Your hilly prospect & your pasture thinne.
 Your ayre, your language, though I could not learne
 And all your pedegree, and all your kinn.
 But iustly was I plag'de for this I thinke.
 For see, when *I* came home my breath did stinke.

Epigr. 21. in Cinnam.

C*Inna* tolde a long tale to no effect,
 He say so much quoth *Scilla* in a worde.
 That happy worde we longing did expect.
 And forth it came as leasure could afford,
 Which





Which when we heard much like the cuckoes song
The tale was short, and *Scillas* worde was long.

Epigr. 22. Ad Robertum Williams.

WHO is my friend *Williams* dost thou enquire?

He that will loue my want and pouertye.

He that will loue through water & through fire,

Through shame, through euery kinde of misery.

Which will not scorfe me for a better friend,

Nor for sweet goold the father of all strife.

Which will not hate me though I doe offende,

Nor sell mee for a tale, nor for his wife.

He whom I smooth, and round, & perfect proue,

Tying out all the euils which molest me,

Making me happy with his constant loue,

Which is the earthly heauen where I rest me:

He which doth loue, nor more nor lesse then this.

He is my friend *VWilliams* and I am his.

Epigr,



*Epigr. 23.*

First *Clerus* by fayre flattrye Princes fought,
Then was cast of to the Nobilitie.
He flattred them till he was set at nought,
And was thrust downe to the gentilitie ;
Now he speakes fayre to them and th'yeomanrye.

Epigr. 24.

Olde Abbeyes who that liues doth not despise,
Which knew their fall & knows they cānot rise?
And I despise the new, because I see.
They were, but are not ; these will neuer be.
But wer't not sinne, and might I be so bold,
I would desire one newe for many olde.

L

Epigr.

*Epigr. 25.*

THe *Spaniardes* are a warlike nation,
 We are more warlike as they know and feare,
 But they are strong to make inuasion.
 But we more strong to chase them euery where,
But they haue multitudes to make supplye.
 We are more peopled, fuller of fresh blood.
 They loue their Prince and country zealously.
But we more zealous for our soueraignes good.
 Yet we should feare them for our wickednesse.
 They are more wicked, here we onely lesse.

Epigr. 26. in Papam.

THe Pope ; when tender health her infant sense,
 Receiueth from the now approaching Sunne.
 And new borne blood of heauens influence :
 With





With prime of life to blossome hath begunne,
 Forbids all flesh and sweeter nutriment,
 Which fappy Nature to lifes roote would laye.
 Yea he forbids meates most indifferent.
 Eggs, cheefe, butter and milke, and all faue hey. *Heriti*
 He not content, false wolfe, (as others doe) *ques*
 To kill the soule, would kill the body to.

Epigr. 27. Ad Reginam Elizabetham.

LOue, the sweete band of thy desired reigne,
 From thine owne heart, is so shedd into many.
 As owd'e of all, can not be payde of any.
 Least all in one vnited should contayne.
 Such loue in such an heart as nere was any.
 Which would to loue thee, yet wish it selfe many.

L 2

Epigr.



*Epigr. 28. Ad Lectorem.*

REader thou think'st that Epigrams be rise,
 Because by hundreds they are flocking here.
 I reade an hundred pamphlets; for my life
 Could I finde matter for two verses there?
 Two hundred ballets yeelded me no more,
 Besides barraine reading and conference.
 Besides whole legends of the rustie store,
 Of stories and whole volumes voyde of sense.
 And yet the Printer thinks that he shall leese,
 Which buyes my Epigrams at pence a peece.

Epigr. 29. Epitaph. Iocobi Iugler.

ANd was not death a sturdie strugler,
 In ouerthrowing *Iames* the iugler?

Which





Which when he liu'de small trueth did vse,
That here he lies may be no newes.

Epigr. 30.

Vpon the plaine as I rode all alone,
Assaulted by two sturdie lads I was.
I am a poore man Sires, let me be gone.
Nay, but ye shall be poore before ye passe.
And so I was: yet lost nothing thereby.
Would they had robde me of my pouerty.

Epigr. 31.

DAdus payde deare for learning, but the time
Did crosse him so, he could not haue his foorth.
For when he was by study a Diuine.
And at his best; learning was nothing worth.

L 3

Is





Is learning nothing worth so deerly bought,
 Which could buy all things when it was in prime?
 Sett we the goolden sciences at nought.
 And sell we heauen for earth, and goolde for slime?
 Yet were *I Dadus* I would not repent.
 A schollers want excels a clownes content.

*Epigr. 32. Epitaphium Io-
 hannis Coferer.*

Here lyes *Iohn Coferer* and takes his rest.
 Nowe he hath changde a cofer for a chest.

Epigr. 33.

A Pilgrim beggar on a day,
 Did meete a Lorde vpon the way.
 I trust your honour will be good,

As





As was my dreame last night by th'roode,
For why me thought a per'lous thing,
Vpon a suddaine ch'was a King.
Helpe him, which had his dreame beene trewe
Last night, mought donne so much for you.
The Lord replying answered than :
O happy dreame, O wretched man,
And happy man, although but poore.
If thou had'st neuer waked more.
And yet thy fancy was not meane
Beggard, I enuie at thy dreame.
This answere made the beggar prate,
Sir take my dreame for your estate.
This much your reason will afforde.
Sleepe you a King, Ile wake a Lorde.
Thus euery state receiues his punishment.
The poore of want, the rick of discontent.

L 4

Epigr.

*Epigr. 34. In Titum.*

T*itus* is fast and hath no starting waies,
 As fast, as is the naile driuen to the head.
 Or as pale goold kept vnder many keyes.
 Or as a trueloue knott well hampered.
 Not for his vertue enuie did this deed.
 Nor for his vice he suffereth of the lawes,
 (For good and euill both hurt if they exceed.)
 But for his word and for no other cause.
 He plaints vnto his friends, and cries, *O Lord.*
 I am kept, for not keeping of my word.

Epigr. 35.

Antiquitie, of learning holding deare
 Made vawtes, and goodly shrines to clofe it in.
 And raifde her stately pillars yeare by yeare.

To





To make her outfides anfwere that within.
Our age hath razd thofe goodly moniments.
And pearft the temples where the mufes lay,
To all fucceeding times aftonifhment.
Digging for ignorance out of their clay.
Yet spare that little which is not defaft,
While her decayes doe fuffer her to ftand :
You which that ritch and pretious balme do waft,
Which did fo sweetly fmell in all our land :
And for your Prince, and countrie fake relent.
Yours is the finne, thers is the punifhment.

Epigr. 36.

I N quiet sleepe a iudgement feat I fawe,
Two brought as guilty to their triall, when
The queft was chargde according to the lawe
To giue their verditt on thefe filly men.

But





But by the iury he which had donne ill,
 Acquited was, the innocent betrayde.
 Then stoode I vp (although I had no skill,
 To pleade before a iudge,) and this I said,
 This is no iurie things of right to trye,
 But to say trueth, this is an iniurie.

Epigr. 37.

IF I dreame Epigrams, I doe as they.
 Which vse to dreame of what they did the day,

*Epigr. 38. Ad Georgium Morton,
 armig. de Truta a se capta.*

M*orton* how foolish was this silly trowte,
 Which quickly sawe, and pertly plaide about
 The little flye, of bignesse of a pinn.

But





But ouerfawe the fifher and his ginn.
So men doe oft which greedy are of gaine.
Eyde to their profit, but blinde to their paine.

Epigr. 39. De Richardo Tharltono.

W^Ho taught me pleafant follies, can you tell?
I was not taught and yet I did excell.
T'is harde to learne without a prefident.
T'is harder to make folly excellent.
I fawe, yet had no light to guide mine eyes.
I was extold for that which all defpife.

Epigr 40. De Barnei Poesi.

B^Arneus verfe, (vnleffe I doe him wrong,)
Is like a cupp of facke, heady and strong.

Epigr.



*Epigr. 41.*

O*culus* now olde and spent, and hard bestead.
 Taking much trauaile for a little bread.
 Wifheth for youth in which he could endure,
 To toyle, and sweate, and labour euery hower.
 As if *Prometheus* eaten vp with paine.
 Should with his heartfreshe to be gnawne againe.

Epigr. 42. Ad Guilielmum Arnoldum.

A*Arnold*, the fathers Oracles profound,
 Sinke deep into mens hearing whē we cite them.
 And sometimes Poets verses beare such ground,
 As great diuines diuinely do recite them.
 And though the summ & substāce maine they beare
 Whose fetled studies yeeld that sweet encrease,
 Yet sometimes with *decorum* we may heare.

A





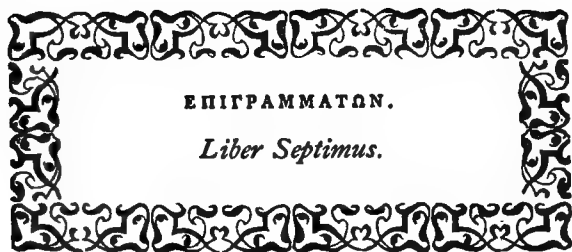
A Poet speake, a father hold his peace.
As when a father like a Poet creakes.
And when a Poet like a father speakes.

Epigr. 43. In Seuerum.

S*Seuerus* would not haue me flacke my veyne,
Nor vary fense to diuers kindes of writing.
Nor play with meanings which may ease my braine
And ease my reader if they doe not like him.
But I must racke my wits till all be spent,
That he may nothing but cry: excellent.

Finis Libri Sexti.





Epigr. 1. Ad Lectorem.

IF thou thinke, Reader, that desire of gayne,
 Hath mou'de me to indite or stir'de my veyne.
 Or rather if thou thinke I vndertake,
 To come vpon this stage for glories sake.
 Ile giue thee all that profitt and that praise.
 And make me but a Lawyer for three daies.

Epigr. 2. De Mathone.

MAttho bethought what life him best might fitt,
 For basenes sake he scornd all occupation.
 Studie he could not for he wanted witt.

And





And fight he durst not, hence he tooke occasion
 To loue; of all liues this life pleasde him best :
 Till loue to all these euils him obiected.
 To labour, study, fighting and the rest,
 More these by all, then euer he suspected.
 Thus they endure, which liue in louers state.
 For one thing lou'de, a thousand things they hate.

Epigr. 3. In Cophum.

C*ophus* is a fine dancer and a trimme.
 A nimbler head to dance you haue not seene.
 Dance you he danceth, cease yet danceth he.
 Praise or dispraise him, yet about will he.
 When you are weary he will hold it out.
 When he is weary, he will skippe about.
 All that behold are weary, and are gone.
 Yet *Cophus* danceth being left alone,

At





At laſt *Cophus* himſelfe departes, but ſo.
 Me thinkes *Cophus* doth dance when he doth go.

Epigr. 4.

S*extus* is thrall to goold, as many be,
 But hath it in his cheſt, happy is he.
Dacus three ſhips do cut the Ocean waue.
 What neede he grudge to be a goolden ſlaue?
Mifus good land by coueting hath got.
 I am a thrall to goold, and haue is not.

Epigr. 5. De Fortuna ſua.

I See good *Fortune* runne before,
 As *Palinurus* ſawe the ſhoare.
 And if I die before it hitch,
 Welfare mine eyes for they be rich.

Epigr.



*Epigr. 6. Ad Thomam Strangwayes de
Martialis Epigrammate, Aurum &
opes & rura, &c.*

(yeeld?
Gould, wealth, and gleab, how many friends will
But few in witt will giue place to their friend,
Why *Martiall*? many haue goold wealth & gleab
But few haue witt, if so our strife hath ende.
And sooth se sayes *Strangwaies*, but yet I would,
That I for want of witt might say heers goold.

Epigr. 7. ad Lectorem.

R Eader I warne thee, now the second time,
Stand not vpon th'exa^ctnes of my rime.
I' admitt a small to shunn a great offence.
Better ten rimes should perish then one fenfe.

M

Epigr.



*Epigr. 8. In Carum.*

WHen *Carus* dy'de these were the last he spake,
 O friend's take heed, Tobaccho was my death.
 You that can iudge tell me for *Carus* sake,
 He which dy'de so, dy'de he for want of breath?
 If so he did, then I am more in doubt
 How breath being taken in, may blow breath out?

Epigr. 9. De senectute & iuuentute.

AGe is deformed, youth vnkinde,
 We scorne their bodies, they our minde.

Epigr. 10. Ad Iohannem Soothe.

THou with the last sweete doctōr nam'de by me,
 Of any of thy name first in defart.
 First in my loue, first placed in mine heart.
Demaun-





Demaundest thou the cause what it may be?
 To my desire inuention seemed scant,
 Which now doth set thee forth & yet doth want,

Epigr. II. De nouo orbe.

THe worlds great Peers & mighty conquerours
 Whose sword hath purchas'd the eternal fame
 If they furuiued in this age of ours,
 Might add more glory to their lasting name.
 For him which *Carthage* sackt and ouerthrowe,
 We haue found out another *Africa*.
 Newe *Gauls* and *Germanes* *Cæsar* might subdue,
 And *Pompey* great an other *Asia*.
 But you O Christian Princes do not so.
 Seeke not to conquer nations by the sworde,
 Whom you may better quell and ouerthrowe,
 By winning them to Christ and to his worde

M 2

Giue





Giue him the new worlde for olde *Asias* losse,
And set not vp your standart, but his crosse.

Epigr. 12. De Moro & Caro patrono.

M*Orus* presented to a fat benifice.
Condition'd with *Carus* but for the tenth fleece
Post twentie yeeres seruice his patron did grutch,
And said that the tenth of the tenth was to much.
A quarrell was picked, and sett was the day,
To sende insufficient *Morus* awaie :
When he was remoued and quite dispossesst.
He shut vp the matter with this bitter iest.
Bala-ming his patron which did him this wrong,
Am not I thine asse which haue seru'd thee thus long

Epigr. 13. ad reginam Elizabetham.

NOW fourty solemne feasts, thine english nation.
Fedd with sweet peace & plentie all the while.
Hath





Hath yeelded to thy happy coronation.
 O fayrer keeper of the fayrest yle.
 Our first great ioyes with greater seconded.
 Our second with succeeding ioyes defast,
 They with the next extinct and vanished :
 The next with greater ioyes, all with the last,
 And yet thou liu'ft to make vs yet more sayne,
 And to fet vp new triumphes and new pleasure,
 To add more sweetnes to thy sweetest reigne.
 To make more roome for ioy which knows no mea-
 O liue as do the stars, which shine for euer. (sure.
 And as the Sunne so rise, but set thou neuer.

Epigr. 14. ad eandem.

E*Liza*, thou hast spread a goolden peace,
 Ou'er thy land thrife blessed be thy raigne.
 And were it that some ciuill wars did cease,
 Which in our selues deuided we sustaine:

M 3

Be-





Betweene the patron and poore minister,
 Landlordes and Tenants, raining more and more.
 Betweene the borrower and the vsurer.
 Betweene so fewe rich, and so many poore :
 Ours were the golden age, but these home iarres,
 Houses, and fields and states haue ouerthrowne.
 And spoyled vs no lesse then foreyne wars.
 Thanke we this idle mischefe of our owne.
 But who did heare, or who did euer read,
 Peace without wars, or something else in stead.

Epigr. 15. In Misum.

First *Misus* coueted a peece of goold,
 Then a small house, and little garden plott.
 Then copie land, and after a freeholde.
 At last a shipp by coueting he got,
 Then out he streched reaching auarice,
 To a shippe loade with goolde, and by degrees,
Manours





Manours and castles tempt his hollow eyes,
 Then to a mine of goold he swiftly flees.
 Then greater Lordships he doth seaze vpon.
 No goold can still his bottomles desire.
 Nothing can scape his goold, he preffeth on,
 And to all *India* lastly doth aspire.
 Where now a little mine hath him inhold,
 Where is nor house, garden, land, ship nor goold.

Epigr. 16. Ad Comitem Essexæ.

HOW hath a little chance great fortune crost?
 The Spanish fleete euen balased with goolde,
 A narrow misse did snatch out of our holde,
 Which we nere had, but yet desire as lost.
 But if this losse must purchase thy returne.
 And buy thee out of danger eminent,
 How rich are we by loosing, and content,

M 4

How





How woe are they that they are not vndoone ?
 More thou art fearde then any losse of *Spayne*
Deurox, and England loues thee more then gaine.

Epigr. 17.

Rome hath a barrayne vine, yet doth not spare
 With a strong hedge to compasse her about.
 We haue the true vine, which we do not care
 To fence against the wilde boares rooting out,
 If my poore prayers may be heard in time,
 I would we had their hedge, or they our vine.

Epigr. 18. In Caium.

Caius hath brought from forraine landes,
 A footie wench with many handes.
 Which doe in goolden letters say,
 She is his wife not stolne away.
 He mought haue fau'de with small discretion,
 Paper





Paper inke and all confession.
 For none that seeth her face and making,
 Will iudge her stolne but by mistaking.

Epigr. 19. De nœuo in facie Faustinae.

F*au*stina hath a spott vpon her face,
 Mixt with sweete beawty making for her grace.
 By what sweete influence it was begott,
 I know not, but it is a spotleffe spott.

Epigr. 20. De eadem.

AS with fresh meates mixture of salt is meete,
 And vinegere doth relish well the sweete.
 So in fayre faces moulds somtimes arise,
 Which serue to stay the surfeyte of our eyes.

Epigr.



*Epigr. 22.*

IF a poore minister haue done amisse,
 Then his high calling is obieſted to him.
 High to all wrong I grant our calling is,
 And great and wonderous to our vndoing,
 But they which ſet vs high to all diſgrace,
 In honour put vs to the loweſt place.

Epigr. 23. Ad Thomam Strangwaies.

STrangwaies leaue London & her ſweet contents,
 Or bring them downe to me to make me glad.
 And giue one mon'th to country meriments,
 Giue me a fewe daies for the yeeres I had.
 The Poets ſongs and ſports we will reade ouer,
 Which in their goolden quire they haue refounded
 And ſpill our readings one vpon another,
And





And read our spillings sweetly so confounded.
Nulam shall lend vs night in midft of day,
 When to the euen valley we repaire.
 When we delight our selues with talke or play,
 Sweete with the infant grasse and virgine ayre.
 These in the heate, but in the euen later,
 Weele walke the meads, and read trowts in the
 (water.

Epigr. 24. In Mathonem.

M*Atho* with angry countenance threatned me.
 For that I toucht him in a verse of mine.
 I said I knewe it not, not so quoth he?
 That can I shew: and pointed to the rime.
 So he accusde himselfe, for had not he,
 He might haue kept concealements close for me.

Epigr. 25.

Stand, want, and waite, doe what you can. Stand





Stand poore, want foole, waite seruingman.
 Their doors are made to shut thee out,
 Or let thee in to goe without.
 Their goolde their idoll they doe make.
 Should they for thee their God forsake.
 Fye filthy muckers tis not so,
 Ye erre, God is not goold I know.
 But if he did consist of pelfe,
 What would you haue him all your selfe?

Epigr. 26.

P*Hilo* in friendly fort saluteth me,
 And feedes me with embrasing courtesie.
 But what of these sith he hath wronged me?
 Thus doe I suffer *Philoes* courtesie.

Epigr. 27.

TH'arke-Angell *Michaell* looketh wan & blewe,
 More





More then his predeceffor *Bartlemewe*.
 More then his neighbour *Mathew*: as men fay,
 Because he hath fo many debts to pay.

*Epigr. 28. De infante mortuo ante
 partum.*

THe infant lying in the mothers wombe,
 Through vnknowne grieve & vn suspected death
 Refing'd not fully yet receiued breath.
 And fo lay buried in a liuing tombe.
 The wofull mothers heart this fo did greeue,
 She wifht it had bin buried aliue.

Epigr. 29. In Causidicos.

OVr vice, our outrage and malitioufneffe,
 Set ouer vs newe maifters and new lawes.
 Which preying on our wicked simpleneffe.
 Do grow fo great by minifhing the caufe.

Epigr



*Epigr. 30.*

HE which an elder seeking to defame,
 Reueales his secret to his enemies.
 Deferues the heauy curfe of wicked *Cham*,
 Which did contemne his fathers priuities.
 The Sire was dronke, and yet the plague did light,
 Vpon the sonne which scornd a sinfull fight.

Epigr. 31.

CLerkes to their liuings wedded once did thriue,
 From which some are diuourst and yet do wiue,
 Then *Moses* lawe tooke holde, the brother dead,
 The brother should suruiuing raife him seed.
 But we succeding husbands can haue none,
 Which are so wicked husbands to our owne,
 The wife tofore which many husbands had,
 With their soft rayment and rich iewels clad.

Deckt





Deckt with their comely loue and costly care.
Tyr'de like a Princeffe and without compaire.
VVe haue cast of from her owne blood & kinne,
To serue a stranger and to stoope to him,
And she alreadie groanes as thrall indeed,
And we yet liuing stinke of this foule deede.
What should the enemie do with barbrous knife?
Learne of the husband to torment the wife?
Wolues to your selues, vipers to your own mother.
And caterpillers eatinge one an other.

Epigr. 32.

HOw deerly doth the simple husband buy,
His wiues defect of will when she doth dye?
Better in death by will to lett her giue,
Then let her haue her will while she doth liue.

Epigr.

*Epigr. 33. De Poeta Martiali.*

MArtiall in Rome full thirtie yeares had spent,
Then went he home, was not that banishment?

Epigr. 34. In Lætum.

Letus in vertuous manners may excell,
But what neede hath he so rath to be good?
His strength of body which he knowes to well,
His life forbids him and his youthly blood.
Thus vice and pleasure haue our strength & prime,
And vertue hath, the leauings of them both.
She hath the orts and parings of our time.
Then when euen sinne our carion course doth loath,
We may be good, but must be aged furst.
Thus we are good neuer, or at our worst.

Epigr.

*Epigr. 35. Epitaph: Iohannis Sande.*

WHo would liue in others breath?
 Fame deceiues the dead mans trust.
 Since our names are chang'de in death,
 Sand I was, and now am dust.

Epigr. 36. De puero balbutietiente.

ME thinkes tis pretie sport to heare a childe,
 Rocking a worde in mouth yet vnfiled.
 The tender racket rudely playes the sound,
 Which weakely banded cannot backe rebound,
 And the soft ayre the softer roose doth kisse,
 With a sweete dying and a pretie misse,
 Which heares no answere yet from the white ranke
 Of teeth, not risen from their corall banke.
 The alphabet is searcht for letters soft,
 To trye a worde before it can be wrought,

N

And





And when it slideth forth, is goes as nice,
As when a man doth walke vpon the yce.

Epigr. 37.

S Vch was my grieve vpon my fatall fall,
That all the world me thought was darke withall,
And yet I was deceiued as I knowe,
For when I proou'de I found it nothing so,
I shewde the Sunne my lamentable fore,
The Sunne did see and shined as before :
Then to the Moone did I reueale my plight,
She did deminish nothing of her light :
Then to the stars I went and lett them see,
No not a starre woulde shine the lesse for me.
Go wretched man, thou seest thou art forlorne,
Thou seest the heauens laugh while thou dost mourn.

Epigr. 38.

Y E Cookes and Potheccaries be my friend, For





For ye of all, my booke dares not offend ;
 I made him for the homely countries tast,
 They loue not spice, they vse not feede on past.
 If he haue salt enough then let him go,
 You haue no neede to put in pepper to.

Epigr. 39. Ad Do. Mountiroy.

IF in these naked lines perhaps be ought,
 Great Lord, which your conceipt or sense may fit,
 Then had that dy'de, and perisht from your thought,
 Had not audacious neede presented it ;
 If neede haue well done, I am glad therefore,
 But I beseech you lett her do no more.

Epigr. 40. Ad Lectorem.

IF my bookes easie of digestion be,
 Thanke not my matter reader but thanke me ;
 How many verses haue I cancelled ?

N 2

Howe





Howe many lompes of meaning seafoned !
 I suffer Epigrams to sprowte forth, when
 I vse mine arte, and prune them with my pen,
 For he that will write Epigrams indeed,
 Must vse to wring the meaning till it bleede.

Epigr. 41. in Sabellum.

BItting *Sabellus* hereat takes offence,
 Because I lay not open all my sence.
 All must be plaine, and nothing I must hide,
 There must be notes at ende, and notes by side,
 There must be nothing felt, and nothing strayned,
 The reader must delighted be, not payned ;
 But I am of another minde, for why
 Should not he take some paines as well as I ?

Epigr. 42.

OVr vice is runne beyond all olde mens sawes,
 And





And farre authentically about our lawes,
 And scorning virtues safe and goodly meane,
 Sits vncontrold vpon the high extreame.
Circes thynne monsters painted out the hue,
 Of fayned filthinesse, but ours is true.
 Our vice puts downe all proverbes and all theames,
 Our vice excels all fables and all dreames.

Epigr. 43.

When books & poore men, they their parish burned,
 These their low houses raz'd & ouerturned,
 Are driuen to seeke, changing their olde repayre,
 They in the ground, these dwelling in the ayre.
 Then sport is made of damned fornication,
 And vsurie an honest occupation.
 When dull, cramde, grosse, and swollen gluttony,
 Scornes wholesome temperance with leaden eye,
 When pride like polling miller sits vpon,

N 3

The





The bated gryft of poore religion :
 When holy tithes the higheft callings price,
 Make rags for coates, and fuell for the dice,
 May we not well O times, on manners cry ?
 This were an eafe, it were no remedie.

Epigr. 44. In Brillum.

Brillus tolde fuch a tale as neuer man
 Did heare, or thinke of fince the worlde began.
 Tw'as not of murther ftrange, nor filthineffe,
 Nor open wrong, nor fecret wickedneffe ;
 Nor legend tale, nor ancient poets fable,
 Nor fuch as parasites do tell at table :
 It was nor monftrous lie, nor pleafant fiction,
 Nor of affirming, nor of contradiction.
 All writers, trauellers, merchants are to feeke,
 Yea *Iohn* deuifer neuer tolde the like ;
 It was a tale of oaths abhominable,
 God was the ieft, and our dread Chrift the fable.



*Epigr. 45.*

*L*etus did in his mistress quarrell die,
Quintus was slayne defending of the lie,
Germanus in his frendes defence did fall,
Sakellus died striuing for the wall.
Merus did spend his life vpon a iest,
Saunius lost it at a dronken feast,
Nirus at Sundaies wake, reueng'de the wrong
Of his bull dogge, untill he lay along.
What sayst thou now contemn'de religion?
Vice hath her Saynts and martyrs, thou hast none.

Epigr. 46. In Porum.

*B*itus desired Porus of his grace,
That in his seruice he might haue a place:
He sayde he was of honest occupation.

N 4

He





He could no lye nor false dissimulation,
 He knewe no wicked meanes to fill his purse,
 But *Porus* answered, he likes him the worfe.

*Epigr. 47. De Hominis Ortu
 & Sepultura.*

NAture which headlong into life doth thring us,
 With our feet forward to our graue doth bring vs:
 What is lesse ours, then this our borrowed breath,
 We stumble into life, we goe to death.

Finis.



LIST OF PUBLICATIONS.

Issue

For the Fifth Year 1871-2.

11. *Juvenilia*: Poems by George Wither, contained in the collections of his *Juvenilia* which appeared in 1626 and 1633. *Part III.*
12. Miscellaneous Works of George Wither. Reprinted from the Original *First Collection.*

For the Sixth Year 1872-3.

13. Miscellaneous Works of George Wither. Reprinted from the Original Editions. *Second Collection.*
14. Works of John Taylor the Water Poet, not included in the Folio Volume of 1630. Reprinted from the Original Editions. *Second Collection.*

For the Seventh Year 1873-4.

15. Flowvers of Epigrammes, of sundrie authours selected, as well auncient as late writers. By Timothe Kendall. Reprinted from the Original Edition of 1577.
16. Miscellaneous Works of George Wither. Reprinted from the Original Editions. *Third Collection.*

For the Eighth Year 1874-5.

17. Belvédère; or, The Garden of the Muses. By John Bodenham. Reprinted from the Original Edition of 1600.
18. Miscellaneous Works of George Wither. Reprinted from the Original Editions. *Fourth Collection.*

For the Ninth Year 1875-6.

19. Works of John Taylor the Water Poet, not included in the Folio Volume of 1630. Reprinted from the Original Editions. *Third Collection.*
20. The Worthines of Wales. By Thomas Churchyard. Reprinted from the original edition of 1587.

For the Tenth Year 1876-7.

21. Works of John Taylor the Water Poet, not included in the Folio Volume of 1630. Reprinted from the Original Editions. *Fourth Collection.*
22. Miscellaneous Works of George Wither. Reprinted from the Original Editions. *Fifth Collection.*

For the Eleventh Year 1877-8.

23. Thule, or Vertues Historie. By Francis Rous. Reprinted from the Original Edition of 1598.
24. Miscellaneous Works of George Wither. Reprinted from the Original Editions. *Sixth Collection.*
25. Works of John Taylor the Water Poet, not included in the Folio Volume of 1630. Reprinted from the Original Editions. *Fifth Collection.*

LIST OF PUBLICATIONS.

Issue

For the Twelfth Year 1878-9.

26. Hælviah or Britans Second Remembrancer (1641.) By George Wither.
Part I.
27. Hælviah or Britans Second Remembrancer. *Parts II. and III.*

For the Thirteenth Year 1879-80.

28. Britain's Remembrancer. By George Wither. *Part I.*
29. Britain's Remembrancer. *Part II.*

For the Fourteenth Year 1880-1.

30. The Hymnes and Songs of the Church. By George Wither.
31. The Psalms of David translated into Lyrick-verse. By George Wither. *Part I.*

For the Fifteenth Year 1881-2.

32. The Psalms of David translated into Lyrick-verse. By George Wither. *Part II.*
33. Paralellogrammaton. By George Wither.
34. Exercises vpon the First Psalme. By George Wither.

For the Sixteenth Year, 1882-3.

35. A Fig for Fortune. By Anthonie Copley.
36. Respublica Anglicana or the Historie of the Parliament. By George Wither.
37. A Preparation to the Psalter. By George Wither.

For the Seventeenth Year, 1883-4.

38. The Mirroure of Good Maners. By Alexander Barclay.
39. Certayne Egloges. By Alexander Barclay.
40. The Great Assises Holden in Parnassus by Apollo and his Assessovrs.
41. Vaticinium Votivum ; or, Palæmon's Prophetick Prayer,

For the Eighteenth Year, 1884-5.

42. Willoby his Avisa ; or the true Picture of a modest Maid ; and of a chast and constant wife.
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